

HUSTLER

FOR PEOPLE ON THE GO

FEBRUARY 1975 \$1.75

INTERVIEW:
STRIPPER
BLAZE STARR

ROBERT
REDFORD
PORTRAIT OF A
PRIVATE PERSON

PLUS
SUPER
FANTASY
PAGE 68





Miller time

**If you've got the time,
we've got the beer.**



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SHOW & TELL

JIM MCQUADE

The creator of "Honey," the HUSTLER cartoon series, has worked in New York and Los Angeles in art agencies, as art director for several national magazines and as a freelance illustrator. For the past several years he has been a successful illustrator in the field of fantasy and erotic art. He is the creator of the hardcover book *MISTY*, the first totally illustrated fantasy novel in the U.S.

R. D. KINNEY

Our new Assistant Editor comes to HUSTLER with 14 years of journalism experience to back him up. Having worked mainly in the news reporting and sports areas, Dick most recently served as managing editor on a sectional weekly magazine. Since hustling has been his trademark, this position is a "natural."

R. ALLEN LEIDER

Our Robert Redford interviewer is very active in the industry, ranging from reviewing films and records for the *Long Island Entertainer*, and interviewing name personalities to being an editor of *Show and Monster Times* publications. He's a contributor to many national

magazines as well as Burda Publications, Germany's largest magazine publisher. His new book, *Hyborean Door* has just been published.

WALT JAFFEE

Being an Army brat, wanderlust was ingrained early in the life of the author of "The Jolly Gigolo." He has traveled the oceans many times, visiting just about every country that touches water. Currently he is skipper of a party fishing boat operating out of Pillar Point Harbor, California.

MIKE BOYD

The author of "Presidential Assignment" has put 18 years into professional journalism and has developed an acute "nose for news." It served him well in rooting out this story.

ROBERT RACZYK

While on active military duty in Korea during the conflict, the author was on hand to view the real-life scene he has depicted in "Shrapnel Pass." The Buffalo, N.Y., native shaped fictional events to form this story which adds another to his long list of published short stories and novels.

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ADVICE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is devoted to reader feedback concerning questions that are on our readers' minds but are difficult to discuss with anyone due to the personal nature of the inquiry. Direct all letters to: Advise & Consent Editor, Hustler, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Are there or aren't there nymphomaniacs? I've read stuff that says there are no true nymphomaniacs, but people keep talking about them as if they exist. Is it just wishful thinking?

Name Withheld
Larned, Kansas

True nymphomania is an "excessive and uncontrollable sexual desire," according to Webster. It seems that the key word here is "uncontrollable." An uncontrollable lust is very uncomfortable, not to mention embarrassing.

Real nymphomania seems to be rare, but apparently it does happen. Whether it is caused by hormonal imbalance or emotional problems is something we don't know. Maybe some intrepid (horny) researcher somewhere is working on it.

By the way, a male nymphomaniac is called a satyr.

I went to a porno movie with my girl the other night. Of course, I got all hot and bothered and when I took her to her apartment I wanted to make love. But she was having her period and said no. Though I went home and took a cold shower, I was still horny. Do you think cold showers do much good?

J. S.

Winston-Salem, N.C.

All by yourself, you found out what scientific researchers have spent months, maybe years, discovering: Cold showers don't cool off anything except your skin. Scientists at the University of Utah recently announced that, instead of lowering sexual desire, cold showers stimulate production of sperm. In fact, an ice pack or cold sponge held against the scrotum causes many men to become sexually aroused.

That probably explains something that has heretofore puzzled biologists—the fact that the testicles of human males hang in a pouch away from the body, where they can be easily injured, while women's reproductive systems are safely hidden deep inside their bodies. Balls are right out there in the open because air temperature is cooler than body temperature, and that's what the little buggers need for maximum efficiency.

So much for cold showers, J.S. Next time try a hot bath.

Is screwing really good exercise? How many calories does it burn up?

C. M. Peters

Danville, Illinois


Yes. And it's fun besides, which a lot of exercise programs certainly aren't. For instance, Joseph Heller, the author of "Catch-22" and the new book "Something Happened," says jogging is the most boring activity in the world. An average sex act burns up 150 calories—not that much when you consider that's about the caloric count of a bourbon and ginger ale. So if you have one highball in order to enjoy the sex more, you come out even.

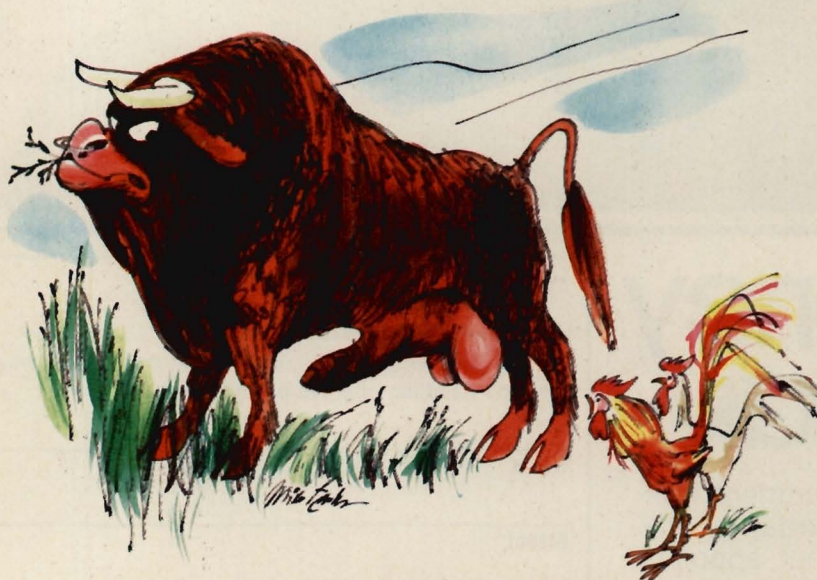
However, it's a mistake to think that if you screw a lot, that's the only exercise you need. Your heart rate goes up to about 190 beats a minute during sex. That's a strain on an out-of-condition heart. An easy way to keep your heart in good shape is to walk at least 20 minutes every day. That's the advice of Bill Emmerton, a 54-year-old Australian who has run 115,000 miles since he turned 40. Besides being an overall stimulant, walking eases physical and mental tension and helps cure emotional hang-ups over sex, Bill claims. And you don't have to go outside to walk. Almost as good is standing in front of a mirror and lifting each leg as high as possible for 20 minutes each day. Which brings us back to boring activities, doesn't it?

With all this talk about swinging, I don't know anybody who does it. What kind of person takes up swinging, anyway?

J. M.

Kansas City, Missouri

Here's a composite, culled from current reports in the media. Your average American swinger in 1974 was white, upper middle class, Protestant, politically conservative. If he has homosexual leanings, they are usually discouraged in swingers' groups. If she has lesbian desires, they are usually encouraged in the same groups. We've thought up two possible explanations for this phenomenon: 1) American males of the swinger type don't want to admit homosexual tendencies, and/or 2) a man would rather have his wife swing with another woman than with another man, who might show him up. Any thoughts on this one, readers? 



"I come over here a lot and just dream!"

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

HUSTLER

HUSTLER MAGAZINE

36 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio • 43215

Larry C. Flynt
Publisher
(614) 464-2070

Dear Hustler,

The word is just in from our distributor that we've had a virtual sellout with our December issue. I wish to thank you, our readers, for insuring this unprecedented success. HUSTLER was conceived as a revolutionary men's magazine for the realistic thinking and down-to-earth man. As in the past, we will continue to strike out at the myth of pseudo-sophisticated values institutionalized by other men's magazines and establish a pattern that is easily identifiable to you. This has been demonstrated in all areas of the book, from the explicit pictorial girl features to the raunchiest, funniest and somewhat sickest cartoons to appear in any magazine. Because of the overwhelming support you have given the HUSTLER, we are now in a position to give you even more than you bargained for. Sixteen additional pages have been incorporated into the magazine, thus giving us the opportunity to add new features like Honey, our playful "housemother" cartoon series, whose adventures in and out of bed each month should prove quite entertaining; adult movie reviews which will clue you in to the nature of the most popular and not so popular X-rated flicks in the country. In addition, you can expect some of the most stimulating sex-oriented fiction ever written along with the most controversial interviews to appear anywhere. We have also expanded our Entertainment Guide to include the best massage parlors in all cities throughout the country. These improvements together with our standard features should make HUSTLER your kind of magazine.

I might add, the innovations that have taken place are not my ideas alone. Unlike many publishers, I read every letter I receive. It is your expressed desires and suggestions that have made HUSTLER the success it is today. Not only do I welcome your comments, constructive criticism and advice, but in order to get an even more accurate picture of your desires, I have provided a reader's survey on page 91. I hope you will take the few moments necessary to complete the form and mail it to me.

In the meantime, keep an eye on HUSTLER and watch us give the competition ulcers.

Larry Flynt
PUBLISHER

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1

HUGH HEFNER MAKES SCREW'S SHITLIST



GOLDSTEIN SCREWED BY PLAYBOY

In their October issue, *Playboy* presented a "candid (ugh) conversation with the outrageous editor of *Screw*," Al Goldstein. But according to Goldstein, it was not at all an honor. *Playboy's* guest interviewee not only had to hassle with first-class airline arrangements from New York to Los Angeles, where the interview took place, but was put up in a disheveled and second-rate L.A. hotel. After discussing these matters with the *Playboy* officials, he was able to receive both first-class carriage and a more comfortable hotel room. His comment: "Even though the bottom has fallen out of their stock, why take it out on their interview subject?"

The interview took 16 hours and resulted in 585 pages of copy, which was edited to 30 pages. None of

which Goldstein was permitted to review. Apparently, *Playboy* breached an agreement that was to allow him to read the copy over, though he could not alter any of it. "It was to be presented to me before it was run and, if I felt strongly that something was misinterpreted, I would have the opportunity of trying to persuade *Playboy* of my position's rightness. I never had this opportunity, in fact, the first time I saw it was after I bought the issue at the newsstand."

One point that the interview seemed to ignore was that Goldstein is a regular Contributing Editor to *Playboy's* sister magazine, *Owl*, which has also purchased many of his articles. "I did become famous as a publisher and a writer... I write 2,500 words every week and read almost 40 magazines during that same period—five percent devoted to erotica."

BITS & PIECES

EUROPE, ALIVE AND WELL

If you have never thought of taking a trip to Europe, maybe you should, particularly if you are a little tired of the porno films showing on the back streets of your city and are ready to move on to the real thing in full color, all done before your bulging eyes. It would seem that the Europeans are far ahead of us in at least one area, that of providing live sex shows in many of their major cities. Many of the shows include males and fe-

males in coitus positions and evidently provide a tremendous turn-on for both sexes as audiences appear to be rather well mixed.

In Amsterdam, live sex shows are very accessible for overseas travelers and some of the shows provide just about all one could want in live sex. In a red light district about eight blocks from the Central Railroad Station at the Casa Rosso you can see a live show which lasts just under one hour while in the same bar they also show porno movies on stage between the live shows, and are definitely first rate.

As a contrast, in Copenhagen, live sex shows have all but vanished and the few still in existence leave a lot to be desired. The signs still up proclaiming, "Live Sex," are, for the most part, only striptease bars, so before going in, it's best to try to catch a glimpse of the action to see if it's worthwhile.

However, the Eden Club in nearby Humlebaek provides a program which is very entertaining.

One evening performance was announced as starting with a special striptease (which is done with help from the audience), along with acts that include a girl masturbating with her fingers, lesbians, masturbation with a vibrator, and intercourse.

It might be suggested that you check with the airlines to see when the next plane leaves.

Having been instrumental in bringing out of the closet various practices and introducing them to the public long before any other publication, *Screw* has, in its six years of existence as a weekly newspaper, become a staunch defender of the issue on personal freedom and sexual options that the public is denied when pornography is banned access to America's marketplaces. This approach, however, is contrary to *Playboy's* philosophy. "*Playboy* realized that the more honest they made *Screw* look, the more dishonest they would look. So they solved it by simply putting the label of 'clown' on it and glossing over the real impact of *Screw's* effect on sexual candor in America today. *Playboy* is not comfortable with a totally honest publication such as *Screw* and, rather than try to reflect our truth, has instead taken cheap, snotty shots."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Just bought my first copy of HUSTLER and it looks better than *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. Keep up the good work! Don't make the mistake of those magazines with excess gingerbread on the gals (baubles, bangles, and beads, etc.). Keep the setup simple and plain and let the girls be the attraction. Again, congratulations!

R. J. Hopkins
Utica, Michigan

(We're trying to keep our mistakes to a minimum while building our circulation. If plain, unadorned pictures of beautiful naked women help YOUR circulation, you'll be pleased with our latest efforts.)

I am an 18-year-old male from a small town in Missouri. It's the "show me" state and your magazine sure lives up to our motto. I've been buying HUSTLER for several months and would like to suggest only that you include more photos of naked men as well as women. I'm sure that many men, like me, would prefer to see both without having to buy *Playgirl* to see the men.

Name Withheld by request
Carruthersville, Missouri

(Inviting gals are our bread and butter, but we've used the man-woman theme on our menu before and plan more, on occasion, in the future.)

We, the people of Laredo, Texas, need a HUSTLER Club. Laredo is one of the hottest spots in the United States and a HUSTLER would fit in just fine. How do we go about it?

Class of '74
Laredo, Texas

(It merely takes money. Read our ad and find somebody with the necessary bread.)

I am a regular reader of sex magazines and since HUSTLER has come on the market, it's the only one I have to buy. It has everything I like. When I turn the pages from one girl to another, it makes me feel that I'm making love to a thousand women. Quite wonderful.

Prince Akabutu
Westport, Connecticut

(Now really, Prince. A THOUSAND girls? Even a potentate isn't that potent.)

I must say that I'm very impressed by HUSTLER and especially excited about your July cover-girl. She has such a sweet and innocent look, but her body certainly promises more. Since eating is one of my favorite acts of lovemaking, I'd like to see much more of her in future issues because she is sure a prime candidate for what I do best. Or perhaps you will send me her address and I'll do the rest.

Name withheld by request
Paterson, New Jersey

(Your favorite act is certainly not weird, but we would be if we began publishing names and addresses of our delicious assortment of girls. Find your own. There have to be one or two "delicktable" gals available in your area.)

Where can I buy some of the props that are used in the photography of your models, i.e. white silk stockings, corsets and chemise. I think you would be doing your readers a great service if in the future you would publish where such items could be bought. Besides, just think of the revenue you might derive from a deal with the manufacturers.

A. P. T.
Ozone Park, New York

(Since there is no possible way we could run a list of purchase places and prices on every item between the covers of HUSTLER, I can only suggest that you contact the various adult and/or specialty shops which are springing up around the country. For HUSTLER, the models' clothes are purchased mainly by the girls themselves.)

I just recently purchased my first copy of HUSTLER MAGAZINE and must say that this magazine "out-hustles" all of the other magazines of this type. Your articles and pictures of those gorgeous girls are so revealing and uninhibited. Wonderful. Thank you and keep those good articles and pictures coming. I hope you mail these magazines in a closed envelope. I'm tired of the postal people reading my magazines before I to.

John Del Cioppo
Watertown, Connecticut

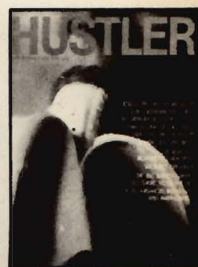


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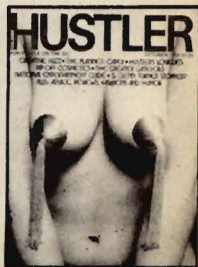
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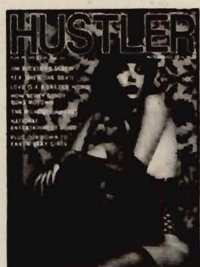
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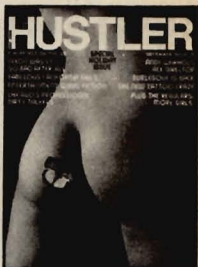
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BITS & PIECES

PROSTITUTION POWER

French prostitutes are fed up. They have finally had enough rules and regulations imposed upon their profession that in order to show their disgust have worked over one of the clinics which gives the girls periodic checkups. The

clinic suffered extensive damage as windows were smashed, furniture destroyed and an elevator was completely demolished.

One particular gripe leading to this action is that policemen who bring them in for unexpected examinations are demanding free samples from many of the hookers, and the girls feel their profession is being somewhat degraded.

The girls have been said to have remarked that other actions may be taken if harassment continues.



"Jerry, I'm behind your inflation fight, but this is ridiculous."

Most Tasteless Cartoon of the Year

A contributor recently submitted this cartoon in an attempt to bring humor to two very grave situations.

Not only have two fellow human beings—Mrs. Gerald Ford and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller—undergone traumatic cancer operations, with the unpleasant possibilities of recurrence always lingering. But the inflation rate is running rampant with no sign of decline in sight.

We feel that because of the insensitivity demonstrated by this cartoon and its lack of understanding, it definitely merits our Most Tasteless Cartoon of the Year Award.

ARTISTIC ERECTION?

Female artists who specialize in erotic art have a real problem.

It seems that certain art museums are refusing to show some of their most creative products. Anita Steckel, a New York artist, is calling together other female artists who specialize in sexually explicit art in hopes of putting an end to the discrimination.

Ms. Steckel's complaint was aimed at galleries and museums who refuse to show art that depicts the male form with an erect penis. She is quoted as saying that if the erect penis is not wholesome enough to go into museums, it's not wholesome enough to go into a woman.

The coalition of women artists is being formed for the sole purpose of fighting sexist repression in the art world. Some of the better known artists in the group are Mss. Edelhelt, Golden, Bourgeois and Bernsteine.

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BITS & PIECES

EQUALITY BITES BACK

For two years Ms. Diane Feinstein had argued to have the right to use the men's restroom on the same floor where she worked, and for these same two years her demands had been rejected. However, during this time she had worked her way up to President of the Board and, of course, finally won her point. The big day had thus arrived and more than likely she could hardly wait for nature's call.

Then it happened. After hustling her way into the washroom, she locked the door, performed her business, dressed, and whoops . . . the lock on the door had jammed and wouldn't open . . . even for her.

Her screams and pounding were to no avail and finally she was becoming a little terrified when some men, who were coming to use the restroom, found her locked inside.

However, the lock was rusty and refused to yield to their attempts to break it open, so the search went out for a narrow-hipped workman who could get through the 10-by-30-inch window leading to the restroom. Finally, Wally Chinn, five-feet tall, wiggled through the window, dropped to the floor and opened the door by removing the hinges.

Thirty-eight minutes later, the blushing and embarrassed President was back in her office, refusing to talk to anyone.

SMOKERS BEWARE

Not only are they "cancer sticks" but, according to the American Medical Association, cigarettes can endanger your sex life. The AMA recently suggested that heavy smoking can seriously hamper a person's desire for sexual activity and in some cases almost eliminate it. Nicotine contracts the blood vessels and depresses the hardening of the muscles related to erection and reduces the ability to hold an erection during intercourse. It is also suspected that excessive smoking can decrease sperm count, thus lessening the possibility of having children. Also, the incidence of stillborns is higher if the father smokes heavily.

DIFFERENT STROKES FOR MANY FOLKS

If you sometimes entertain the thought of trying something a little different to brighten up your sex life but hold back because you feel overwhelmed by guilt, you very well may be in good company.

Recent data indicates that much of what is termed deviant sexual behavior is desired or practiced by a substantial number of persons who prefer to publicly denounce and condemn such activities.

The question has even been argued as to whether the word deviant has a place in the activities of

consenting adults.

A few of the many activities once considered perverted or, at best, odd sexual behavior, but which showed up fairly often in the survey were as follows: an increase in the use of gadgets, novelties, and vibrators used to heighten sexual gratification; an interest in bondage as foreplay to teasing and intercourse (not necessarily connected with the S/M scene); and the use of mirrors placed in such manner as to allow the participants to view themselves — a kind of X-rated homemade movie without film.

The overriding rule of thumb is definitely one of, "Anything goes if both partners like and agree to it."



BITS & PIECES

MINISTRY FOR THE ASKING

Want to be a minister? It only costs \$2. However, if you want to go for a more advanced degree, such as Doctor of Divinity, that's \$25.

The Universal Life Church of Poland Row in Modesto, California offers the degrees for the asking — and of course, a few bucks.

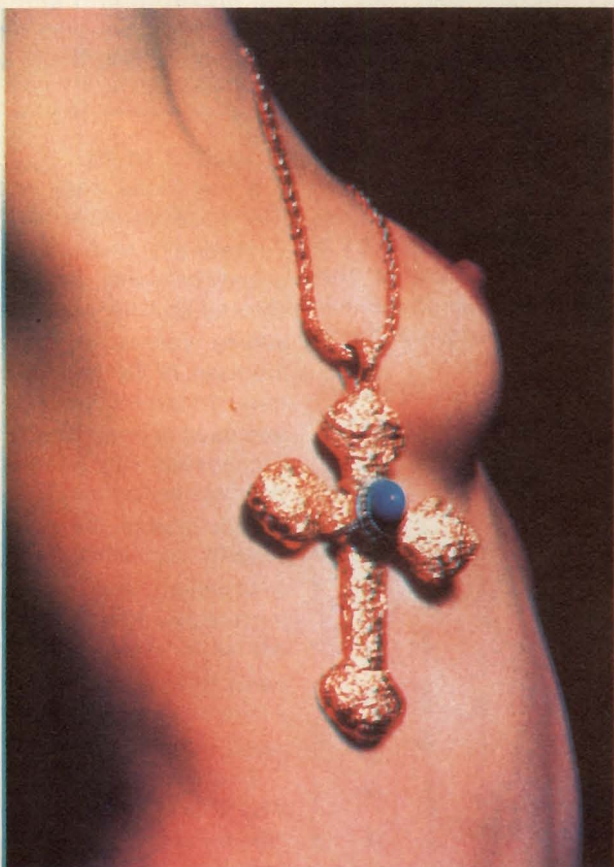
California leaves it up to each individual church to determine qualifications which doesn't seem too difficult. However, the Universal Life Church does require a written request.

The church believes that

the only thing that is "right" is that which the individual believes is right. The president and founder of the church is Dr. Kirby J. Hensley, 60, and who has converted part of his residence into this "mail ordination mill."

Evidently the operation is legal since attempts to halt it have failed. A few main benefits that hundreds of "graduates" have discovered are special tax-exemptions on their homes as religious deductions as well as special discounts from air lines, hotels, etc.

It would be interesting to find out what the church's definition of "pious" is.



DUTCH TREAT

Had it up to HERE with the problem of finding unique gifts to give to your partner on St. Valentine's Day? Well, if you're headed for Holland or know someone who is, here's what you can pick up on the Amsterdam market.

Item: Strawberry/Musk/Cognac-flavored Jelly Lubricant, especially for those who prefer to savor the taste rather than gulp their food.

Item: Polyglas Condoms coming complete with a guarantee against blowout, also great as a waterbed for small mice.

Item: Triple Extension Neon Dildo, great for a glowing orgasm.

Item: Cat of 18 Tails Whip — for the double your pleasure, double your fun crowd.

Item: Double Knit Jock Strap designed especially for skiers and otherwise cold cocks.

Item: Big Ben Testicle Scale (metric weight only) for those wishing to convert nut poundage into grams.

Item: Freeze-dried Brazilian Bull Hormones, presumed chockful of nuts.

Item: The still popular and much in demand wooden shoes for the S/M folks who prefer splinters on the ass to a spiked heel up the ass.

All in all, it should be another banner year for retailers.



MAIN CHAIN PULLER WANTED

Need a job? Willing to relocate?

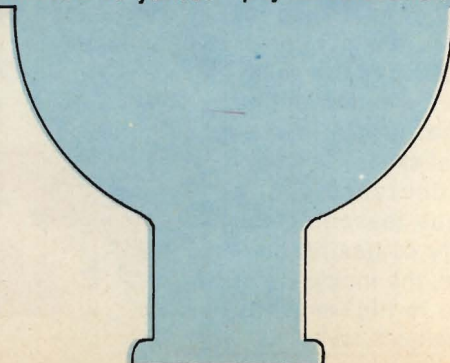
If you are looking for a job offering plenty of security, a chance for advancement, and aren't afraid of getting your hands or feet wet, there is one waiting for you in Hull, England.

The opening is for someone to flush toilets.

Dennis Bateson, 23, who used to flush up to 2,000 Johns a day as a tester, has been promoted to junior

foreman. Bateson is described as a conscientious employee and depicted as the top chain-puller in the country. He worked hard in determining whether or not a toilet was fit to go out into the grind of fast-paced living associated with the British life style.

Want to think it over? Don't worry, his position has been open for some time, but the company refuses to pay for relocation.



FATTY

Ever lay a fat chick?

If you haven't, you may be turning down a great turn-on.

It's now been reported that in many cases, the more chubby girls try harder than the lesser built girls who prefer to lay there like a stick of wood. And what man doesn't prefer an active, sensuous ass-wiggling female to a toothpick who thinks she is doing a man a favor by playing corpse.

Apparently fat girls try harder, in part, because they feel inferior when it comes to beauty and so to compete with their slim counterparts they are more willing to put forth a super effort in answer to a man's advances.

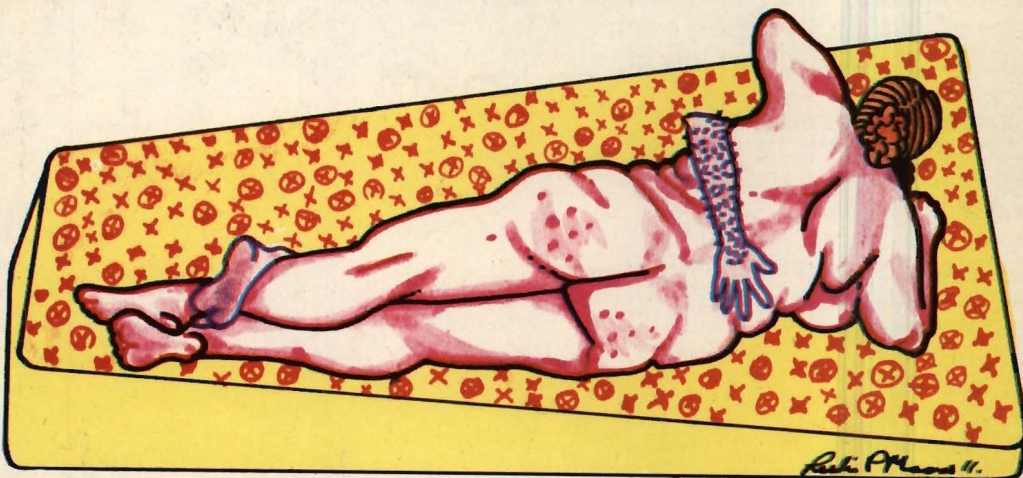
They also seem to be starved for sex since they

are often more neglected and, according to a theory, compensate this tremendous drive for sexual activity by eating even more.

Thus the fatter the girl is, the more sexually starved she should be, and will do most anything to make her bedpartner happy.

Any takers?

BITS & PIECES



UNCOVERED AND EXPOSED: MS. ALL-BARE AMERICA 1974

Hoo-ray! It's In! Nudity, that is...

In fact, according to the promoters of the annual *Ms. All-Bare America Contest*, walking around bare-assed may be the next big fad to sweep the United States — to say nothing of the rest of the up-tight world.

Held recently at a nude dude ranch in New Jersey, the ceremonies were pre-

sided over by a panel of celebrity judges.

Don Imus, famed New York radio personality who has become nationally known for his risqué comedy albums, placed a crown of roses on the head of this year's attractive and busty young winner.

Twenty-one-year-old Wendy Blodgett — blonde from head to toe and obviously everywhere in between — was chosen from 14 finalists after an all-day competition in which she beat out the runners-up by stating her love of fresh air


and sunlight — and plenty of it.

Hailing from the prim and proper town of Burlington, Vermont, Wendy accepted the honors in the true tradition of a Miss America, with only smiles and well-wishes toward the losers. She also explained that she was doing nothing dirty in exposing her body for all to see: "I know that some people have come here to gape and stare, but I'm looking to give nudity a fresh, clean image."

Ms. Blodgett, who took with her the top prize of

\$1,000, explained she was currently out of work, and hoped being selected *Ms. Bare America* would open many closed doors. When asked if she would accept any of the many offers to pose in the altogether for one of the men's magazines, Wendy looked shocked, exclaiming, "Oh, my goodness — I couldn't do that! What would my mother think?"

Personally we don't know about Wendy's mother, but we have a few ideas of our own. Yum, yum, yum!

Good luck, Wendy. 

(Photo Credit: Irv Sealey/Global Communications)



how good a lover are you? PROVE IT

Hustler Magazine has taken an unprecedented step in launching a contest to discover the **WORLD'S GREATEST MALE LOVER** and we feel it is about time he receive credit for his talent, whoever he might be. There have been many contests involving every activity conceivable, but we feel this is one category that has been overlooked.

We know who the Don Juan of yesterday was, but we don't know who the Don Juan of today is. Hopefully, upon completion of this contest, we will have discovered the **WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER** which should be of considerable interest to all people.

This contest will be based on an application to be filled out by your wife, lover or mistress. We will choose six finalists. These individuals will participate in final activities and will be judged on:

- a. Personal Appearance
- b. Personality
- c. Foreplay
- d. Oral Sex
- e. Stamina
- f. Technique

How can you benefit from the contest? Well, for starters:

1. The winner will be exclusively interviewed in *Hustler Magazine*.
2. A one week all-expense-paid vacation in Acapulco with the Hustler Honey of the year (or any consenting girl of your choice.)
3. An appropriately designed attractive trophy to add credence to your honor.

presiding judges

LARRY FLYNT

Publisher of *Hustler Magazine*.

AL GOLDSTEIN

Editor of *Screw Newspaper*, one of the world's raciest sex tabloids, and connoisseur of delectable "meat".

JERRY DAMIANO

Considered to be the world's greatest porno producer. He produced and directed "Deep Throat," "Memories Within Miss Aggie," "Portrait" and many others.

HARRY REEMS

A proven actor and unquestionable porno superstar and "stud". Reems has appeared in over 200 X-rated movies and made love to hundreds of women.

JODY MAXWELL

Star of Damiano's new release "Portrait" and considered to be the world's greatest cocksucker. She is known as the singing cocksucker because of her ability to sing while performing fellatio.

SAMANTHA McLAREN

Star of the new smash hit movie "Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander" and self-acclaimed expert on sexual fetishes.

HONEYSUCKLE DEVINE

Burlesque queen by trade and a regular *Screw* contributor. Honeysuckle is known worldwide for her cocksucking ability.

Presiding Judges: Judges will not be misinterpreted as participants. Their sole purpose will be to preside over the final activities and insure strict compliance with the rules and regulations governing the contest.

Employees of *Hustler Magazine* and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

Send in the coupon today and enter your application immediately. Only serious minded individuals need apply.

All entries must be received in our home office no later than April 15, 1975.

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HUSTLER

HUSTLER MAGAZINE 36 West Gay Street • Columbus, Ohio • 43215

Please send additional information and application to enter the WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER contest.

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

HUSTLER provides the best and most concise guide to entertainment than any other major men's publication. It features new clubs opening up, old favorites around town and a complete listing of classical entertainment events plus the best in massage parlors in the city. After conducting business affairs all day, touring the city or just passing thru, pick up a copy of **HUSTLER**. Enjoy the beautiful women, captivating articles and fine humor then let yourself be guided to the best places in town thru our Entertainment Guide. It fills you in on what's happening and where.

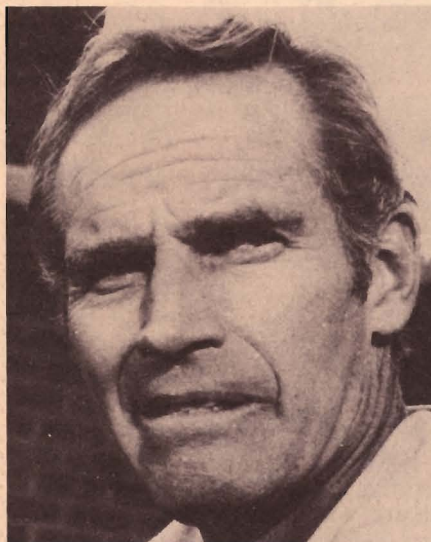
ARIZONA

Phoenix: Phoenix and the surrounding area is called "The Valley of the Sun" and gives you an all-season lift. It's an outdoor, get-away-to-forget-and-relax sort of place. For golf enthusiasts, January alone sees more than a dozen tournaments. One of which is the yearly debut of the Phoenix Open, always a great professional show. And as for eateries, you have a complete selection from rustic to elegant or ethnic. One of the most exciting and unique restaurants in the area is **Bobby McGee's Conglomeration**. The salad bar is a bathtub, steaming hot soup is served from a wood-burning stove and the waiters and waitresses are dressed in old movie costumes. The menu presents a fine variety of steak and seafood dishes as well as a few great gourmet items. There's also a European discotheque lounge which swings nightly. **The Boojum Tree** at the **Doubletree Inn-Phoenix** has the best ribs in the world, also a very unique dish—the Decision Maker, which is lamb, lobster and beef served together — absolutely delicious. All complemented by the cozy atmosphere. The **China Doll** is the home of true wok cookery. The menu, in both Chinese and English, provides not only a variety of tasty dishes, but suggestions for ordering two or more combinations. For the finest lobster around, check out the **Nantucket Lobster Trap**. All the seafood is fresh and has been flown in from its source making this a seafood lover's haven. **Olé** presents an excellent Mexican menu with a specialty of outstanding deluxe Chimichangas and fabulous Margaritas. The **Phoenix Suns** take on Washington, January 8th; Portland, the 10th; New York, the 11th; Philadel-

phia, the 21st; New Orleans, the 25th; Seattle, the 29th; and Los Angeles, the 31st.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Above and beyond everything else there is to do in L.A. there's always plenty to eat. We make the following suggestions. **Yamato** is not only the finest Japanese restaurant in L.A., it is also the most authentic in decor. Two massive carved Buddhist temple dogs stand in the foyer as guardians against evil. They are about four centuries old and the carved overhead beams in the ceiling are three hundred and fifty years old. You have your choice of dining at a table, seated in a bamboo chair or



you can eat in one of the **Tatami** rooms where you check your shoes and sit on traditional floor mats, surrounded by sliding screens. Your meal is prepared and served by a Japanese waitress in a kimono. There is also a seafood and hibachi bar in the main dining room. The **Sports-**

man's Lodge is another unique restaurant. You used to be able to catch your own trout in the streams and ponds outside. The ponds and streams are still there for your visual enjoyment, but now you don't see your trout until it is placed before you; cooked to perfection and stuffed with crab meat. There are also Continental, Polynesian and Asian dishes. If you dine before six o'clock the prices are more reasonable. If you want the best prime ribs in the city go to **Lawry's Prime Rib**. The atmosphere is an old English Inn where they serve Yorkshire pudding with the meal. If after dinner you're going out and about the **Trubador** usually has top-name entertainment. Many rock bands got their start here. The **Basement** at **Marina del Rey** is the place to find a well-heeled, well-dressed crowd looking for fun. Usually two shows nightly. If you're looking for something different look into **The Classic Cat**. You can either go into the back room and play pool or you can sit and watch the revue of fifteen bottomless kittens. Good looking and young, the girls are backed up by a loud combo for your enjoyment. Amateur night is every Sunday if your date is in the mood. If your taste in entertainment is a bit more refined there's the **Los Angeles Philharmonic** which will perform at the **Dorothy Chandler Pavilion** on January 2nd and 3rd, conducted by the well-known **Zubin Mehta**, and again on the 24th with **Andrew Davis** as guest conductor. The legitimate theatre is also here to please you. At the **Ahmanson Theatre** from late December until January 11th, "**A Moon For The Misbegotten**" will be performed with **Jason Robards**. Starting at the same theatre on the 28th will be

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

"Macbeth" with **Charlton Heston** and **Vanessa Redgrave**. While there are several well-known massage parlors



around the area, three of them get recognition this month including **Rounders Spa**, **Academy Cultural Massage** and **Cahuenga Massage**. No miracle cures are necessarily promised, but if they occur, so much the better. Basketball reigns supreme, especially among the stars from Hollywood, when the **Lakers** play at home against Boston, the 3rd; Washington, the 5th; New Orleans, the 24th; and Philadelphia, the 26th. On the ice, the **LA Kings** host **NHL** action with Toronto, the 5th; Minnesota, the 23rd; Philadelphia, the 24th; and New York Islanders, the 31st. On the **WHA** scene, the **Sharks'** home tiffs are: Edmonton, the 4th; Winnipeg, the 8th; Quebec, the 15th; Toronto, the 18th; Vancouver, the 20th; and Quebec, the 25th at Long Beach.

San Francisco: If you've got some money you want to spend on a boat the **San Francisco Sports and Boat Show** would be a good place to do it. Just looking is fun, too. The show is being held at the **Cow Palace** from January 10th thru the 19th. Five days later, on the 24th, the Palace will again be buzzing when it hosts the **San Francisco Examiner Games**, an indoor track and field meet. January 6th thru the 11th at the **Civic Auditorium** will be the place to be for women's tennis with the **Virginia Slims Women's Tennis Tournament**. On the

4th, the **Opera House** will present a holiday production of "**Nutcracker**." Relax and enjoy it. Other top entertainment in the area will be at the **Fairmont Hotel** where the **Mills Brothers** will be appearing until the 22nd followed by **Peggy Lee** on the 23rd. For casual eating enjoyment we suggest you try **Enrico's**, an outdoor cafe or **Blanche's**, a cozy little place for lunch only. For dinner try **Kan's**. They feature Peking duck. There is also **Castagnola** at **Fisher-man's Wharf**. Often mentioned for ego-boosting, if not for therapeutic massage value, are **The Wolf's Den** and **Monique Massage** establishments. Other fun places that should be checked out are **Lolita's Conscientious Massage** and **Yumi's Oriental Massage**. Get the massage? Two professional teams are housed in the area although neither carries the San Francisco trademark. The **Golden State Warriors** are in town against: Washington, the 4th; New Orleans, the 7th; New York, the 9th; Chicago, the 11th; Los Angeles, the 21st; Philadelphia, the 23rd; and Portland, the 25th. In **NHL**, the **California Golden Seals**



skate across the bay in Oakland against: Los Angeles, the 2nd; St. Louis, the 9th; Vancouver, the 11th; New York Rangers, the 13th; Toronto, the 16th; Philadelphia, the 25th; and Minnesota, the 27th.

COLORADO

Denver: Colorado is Ski Country USA. Although Aspen is two hundred miles

from Denver, if you're in the area it would be worthwhile to make the drive and attend **Winterskol** in mid-January. It's a celebration complete with nighttime skiing, fireworks, hockey games, parades and happy people. If you're a ski buff, but don't want to travel that far, try the slopes at **Loveland Basin**, just fifty-six miles from Denver. It is usually uncrowded during the week and is equipped with four double chair lifts. Also nearby is **Loveland Valley**, where a full day's ticket costs only \$6.25. If you would rather spend your time pursuing the arts, there's the **Denver Symphony** to delight you with performances on January 13th and 14th featuring violinist **Lee Weingst** and conductor **Steve Simon**. The Symphony will also perform on January 27th and 28th with pianist **James Tocco**, conducted by **Brian Priestman**. There's also theatre to entertain you. At the **Gas Light Theatre**, Denver's oldest semi-professional playhouse, the long-running Broadway smash "**That Championship Season**" will be performing the entire month of January. Also, at the **Auditorium Theatre**, the musical "**Pippin**" will go on stage starting January 30th. For dinner we suggest **Navarre**. Built in 1879, it was originally a boarding school and later became one of the most luxurious "sporting houses" in the West; complete with casino, lush dining rooms and lovely ladies. The essence of that era has been retained in the decor. The individual dining rooms are decorated with old bronze chandeliers, red rose wallpaper and enchanting framed advertisements from the late 1800's. A charming place for lunch or dinner. If French cuisine is what your palate desires, what could be more suiting than the **Cafe Bonaparte**? Dine in either the enclosed courtyard complete with splashing fountains or the more intimate bar-dining room with soft lighting and cozy booths. For exciting night life we suggest **Marvelous Marv's** where big-name entertainment usually plays. A younger crowd goes to **Saturday's**. Rock bands, flashing lights and pretty ladies are the attraction. **Sid King's Crazy Horse Bar** is a top-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

less go-go place with amateur night on Thursday's. What more can we say?

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington D.C.: You've heard of the Cheshire Cat? Now's there's the **Cheshire Cheese**. It's a restaurant and cocktail lounge with entertainment. A real treat. **Monkey Business?** That's here too and a very good place to eat. There's also **The Empress** for Chinese food and **Anna Maria's** for Italian food. Anything you want in Washington, D.C. The playhouses will be busy this month with "**A Matter Of Time**" a new musical tentatively set to appear at **Ford's Theatre**. (No relation to the President). There's also the **Harlequin Dinner Theatre** where they will not only serve you a great meal, but will present you with a great rendition of "**Camelot**" to be appearing the whole month. Another great spectacle will be the **Ice Capades** starting around the 28th at **Capital Center**. The **Washington Bullets** continue home **NBA** action against: Los Angeles, the 11th; Golden State, the 18th; KC-Omaha, the 22nd; Cleveland, the 25th; and Houston, the 26th.

FLORIDA

Miami-Ft. Lauderdale: When in this area the best places to catch name entertainment are at the big hotels on Miami Beach. Notably the **Diplomat** and the **Fontainebleau**. We suggest you check the local newspapers for scheduled appearances as they were not available at this writing. The best cocktails and dinner are also presented at these establishments. Speaking of cocktails, you have a choice of five bars in the **Hotel Newport**, all open until 5 a.m. for you night owls. The **Colonial Inn** offers entertainment nightly with dancing and a nine-hole professional putting green. The famous **Wreck Bar** at the **Castaways** is open late and if you enjoy dancing with pretty girls that's a good place to do it. The hotels aren't the only places to eat in Miami. The **Luau** is good and they treat you to a Tahitian floor show. Or try **Les Violins** for gourmet dining with singing waiters and waitresses. Bring

some money with you, you'll need it. Speaking of money, if you have any left over and you're the sporting type there's always the dog track or Jai Alai in Dania. (Between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale.) If you win at either place buy a few drinks at **The Cat's Meow** in Lauderdale. There are plenty of ladies there to meet. For a younger crowd try **The Button** or **She**. It's wise to be a bit careful around this resort area when you're after a massage that fills something other than medical promises. Of late, police in this area have cracked down somewhat, but some good sites are still around to meet the needs of tourists and natives. The **Aphrodite Health Spa** is a newer entry while **Celeste's Massage & Reducing Salon** as well as the **Goddess of Love Massage** have been around awhile.

GEORGIA

Atlanta: Atlanta's airport has probably been seen by everyone who travels by air with any frequency at all, but the city is worth much more than the not-always-so favorable notoriety it receives in this way. The **Hyatt Regency Atlanta** is a hotel with something special suited to every mood. It houses the **Polaris**, a blue-domed cocktail lounge which revolves 360° every hour, providing a breathtaking view with drinks to match. **Le Parasol** features a large variety of cocktails under one umbrella surrounded by, believe it or not, an aviary full of live birds. **Kobenhavn Kafe and Lounge** is a sidewalk café where one can leisurely enjoy sandwiches, cocktails, or dinner accompanied by the delightful melodies of the piano bar. The **Club Atlantis** really swings with good food, good fun, and the best entertainment outside of Las Vegas. For good times at breakfast, lunch, or dinner, the **Hyatt's Clock of Fives** fills the bill.

THE PHILOSOPHER

To fulfill the dreams of one's youth; that is the best that can happen to a man. No worldly success can take the place of that.

Willa Cather

Drinks, music, and fantastic sourdough bread flown in from San Francisco make it very special indeed. The **Abbey** is a real treat for the hungry eye as well as the palate. A transformed neo-Gothic Church resplendent with medieval tapestries, paintings, stained glass windows, and waiters costumed in Monk's robes; its specialties are Chateaubriand, Cane-ton a l'orange, Côtellettes d'agneau boutiquetierè, flaming desserts, Irish coffee, and one of the best wine cellars in Atlanta. It also features classical harpist **Darlene "Deidi" Henson** nightly. The **Abbey** is one of the most unusual landmarks in Atlanta and a sight you shouldn't miss. If you feel like delicious prime rib, you should head for **Victoria Station** at Piedmont and Lindbergh Roads. The restaurant is constructed of four railroad-freight cars and a caboose and is entered from a baggage loading platform. In addition to its good food and drink, its display of railroad memorabilia make it a worthwhile stop. **Nino's** is the spot for Italian food where mussels are a great favorite with regular guests. During January, the **Atlanta Hawks** begin home **NBA** tests on the 4th against Buffalo; Cleveland, the 7th; Detroit, the 11th; Washington, the 16th; Buffalo, the 18th; Seattle, the 19th; New Orleans, the 21st; Houston, the 23rd; Milwaukee, the 25th; and New York, the 30th. The **NHL Flames** are home against: Chicago, the 3rd; Buffalo, the 9th; Philadelphia, the 11th; California, the 18th; St. Louis, the 19th; Detroit, the 25th; and Toronto, the 27th.

HAWAII

Honolulu: It might seem strange watching a football game in the warm sunshine, but you can see a great one. The annual **Hula Bowl** game will be held on January 4th. It's a classic! There's more spectator sports in the form of the **Hawaiian Open International Golf Tournament** which will be held on January 27th at the **Waialae Golf and Country Club**. For something you can participate in try to attend the **Narcissus Festival** sponsored by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. The Mardi Gras-type event will start

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

on January 22nd and continue into February. There will be dancing in the streets, fireworks, a Queen Contest and a Coronation Ball. The **Honolulu Symphony Society Concert** starting January 26th thru the 28th will present **Gina Bachauer**, pianist, with **Joseph Levine** conducting. For dinner we suggest you try the various hotels. They're usually very good and some provide entertainment. One in particular, try the **Royal Hawaiian**.

ILLINOIS

Chicago: Theatre is alive and well in the Windy City and outlying areas. "**A Little Night Music**" will warm an evening at the **Schubert Theatre** early in the month. Any theatre show you missed in New York, catch it in Chicago. All shows that sold on Broadway and off-Broadway, come this way eventually. An evening out can begin pleasantly at **La Fontaine**, the newest "in" spot and the **Cape Cod Room** specialties are obviously of the fishy variety. The view from 95 stories up the **John Hancock Tower** makes **The Ninety-Fifth** spectacular. **Kandy Henley** presides at the **Farmer's Daughter Restaurant** which is paradoxically elegant, but rustic in **Orland Park**. Reservations are in order at **The Second City** whose graduates include the likes of **Shelley Berman**, **Mike Nichols** and **Elaine May**. Satire here is fast and furiously funny. **Charade a Go-Go** is lively and loud. Have any nude shoes? Well, **The Haven**, a classy massage parlor, offers "nude shoeshines" and manicures. Supervised nude exercising at the **S & S Health Spa** is available and nude dancing, body painting and manicures are what's going on at **Tiffany's**. Quite a selection of activities! National Basketball and both major professional ice hockey clubs are represented here. In the **NBA**, the **Bulls** square off at home with: Phoenix, the 3rd and 17th; KC-Omaha, the 4th; Houston, the 7th; Atlanta, the 10th; New York, the 18th; Seattle, the 24th; Detroit, the 25th; Cleveland, the 28th and Golden State, the 31st. For the **NHL Black Hawks**, host nights are: New York Islanders, the 2nd and 27th; California, the 6th and 31st; Los

Angeles, the 9th; Detroit, the 13th; Boston, the 16th; New York Rangers, the 19th; and Vancouver, the 20th. The **NHL All-Stars** battle will be held here the 29th. In the newer **WHA**, the **Cougars** are home to: Vancouver, the 1st; Minnesota, the 5th; Cleveland, the 8th; Quebec, the 19th; and New England, the 22nd.

KENTUCKY

Louisville: If you're spending some time in Louisville, there's plenty to see. To while away those crisp snappy winter afternoons, be sure to browse through the **J. B. Speed Art Museum**. There's always a special exhibition in the **Touch and See Gallery** which you're sure to enjoy. And while you're there, catch the **Eight State Painting Exhibition**. You'll see plenty of eye-catching original works by area artists. If it's music you're after, stop in at the **Memorial Auditorium**. When the sun goes down and the lights come on, break out of that pensive, intellectual mood and turn on to Louisville's swinging night life. Just 15 minutes away is Shelby County's **Beef 'n Boards Dinner Theatre**, a sure bet for great food and good entertainment. Swing on over and enjoy a full course dinner, buffet-style. There's plenty of tender, succulent, roast beef, and a generous supply of juicy, barbecued chicken. Go back for seconds, it's on the house. And while you're savoring that second helping, sit back and enjoy an excellent comedy play called "**Bell, Book, and Candle**," booked for the entire month. Don't miss it. Looking for something a little more swinging? Then head downtown. **The Toy Tiger** and **The Cat's Meow** offer top-shelf drinks as well as top-notch entertainment. If the entertainment in the show room doesn't make it for you, then slip away into the **Toy Tiger's** brand new Game Room and play their games, or make up your own. You take it from there. Also check out the **Kentucky Colonels'** home schedule for sports action in the **ABA**.

MARYLAND

Baltimore: Some people think there's nothing more to do in Baltimore than

eat. That's not true, but there are some fine establishments for that purpose. The **Oak Room** in the **Lord Baltimore Hotel**, for instance, offers a variety of superb Continental and American cuisine. It is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. For lobster you've got to try **The Eager House**; they're eager to please and they do. For a complete night, and all in one place, try **The Paddock Bar** for dinner, dancing and cocktails. **King Arthur's** is known for their steaks and seafood. They also have a cocktail lounge and are open for both lunch and dinner. For just night club entertainment without the food there's **The Frigate**. Also try **The Other Place**, which has a single's night on Tuesday where you're very likely to go in alone and come out with a friend. For a fun visual show there's the **Gayety Burlesk** or the **Oasis** where they feature strippers. For big-name entertainment a good bet would be the **Hollywood Palace**. We suggest you check the newspaper for appearances and schedules.

MASSACHUSETTS

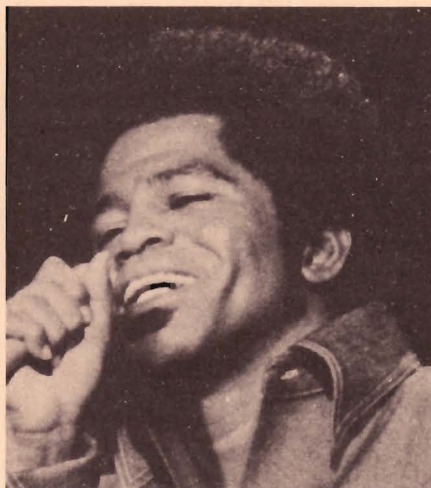
Boston: There is plenty of night life in this town. **Paul's Mall** is a good example. This club features top artists in jazz, rock, folk music and even sophisticated comedy. It seats about 250 people. The **Sugar Shack** bills itself as "The Number One Club For Soul In The United States." Some of the finest names in black entertain-



ment play here: **James Brown**, **Wilson Pickett**, the **Staple Singers**, etc. For a smaller, more intimate club try **Yesterday**. It's dark and quiet. A relaxing atmosphere in which to find some-

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

thing in common with a single young lady. There is also **Brandy's I**, a young singles bar. Lots of secretaries and turn of the century decor. If you're going out to eat stop at **Joseph's**. Choose from an international menu in a gentle and relaxing setting. **Jimmy's Harbor Side Restaurant** has won numerous awards from restaurant associations and magazines for its superb seafood dinners. Attractive nautical decor with a good view of the harbor. Reservations are a good idea and while you're waiting to be seated enjoy free hors d'oeuvres in the lounge and look at pictures of all the famous people who've eaten there. If you've ever had Scandinavian food and want more try **Scambo**. An attractive interior with wood paneled ceilings, Rya rugs on the walls, orange chairs and flowers on each table. Cultural events include the **Boston Symphony** on January 10th and 11th performing **Mozart's 29th Symphony** in **Symphony Hall** with **Colin Davis** conducting. The **Shubert Theatre** will be presenting the play "**Private Lives**" through the 11th and "**My Fat Friend**"



starts on the 20th. The **Wilbur Theatre** has a tentative date of early January for "**The Magic Show**." We suggest you check the local papers when you get there for the exact date. In this city you have to travel a bit to come across a massage parlor but the **Mid-Town Motor Inn Health Studio** and, in nearby Cambridge, the **VIP Health Salon, Inc.** are worthwhile. At the **Boston Garden** the **Celtics** take on the **NBA** rivals with Atlanta, the 8th; Los

Angeles, the 10th; Detroit, the 17th; Philadelphia, the 19th; KC-Omaha, the 24th; Buffalo, the 26th; and Cleveland, the 31st. In **NHL** battles, the **Bruins** are at home against: Chicago, the 10th and 24th; Montreal, the 12th; Los Angeles, the 20th; Philadelphia, the 27th; and Atlanta, the 31st. For the **New England Whalers**, **Boston Garden** ice will be used against: Toronto, the 7th; Los Angeles, the 13th; New York, the 16th; Chicago, the 17th; Minnesota, the 19th; Cleveland, the 26th; and Vancouver, the 28th.

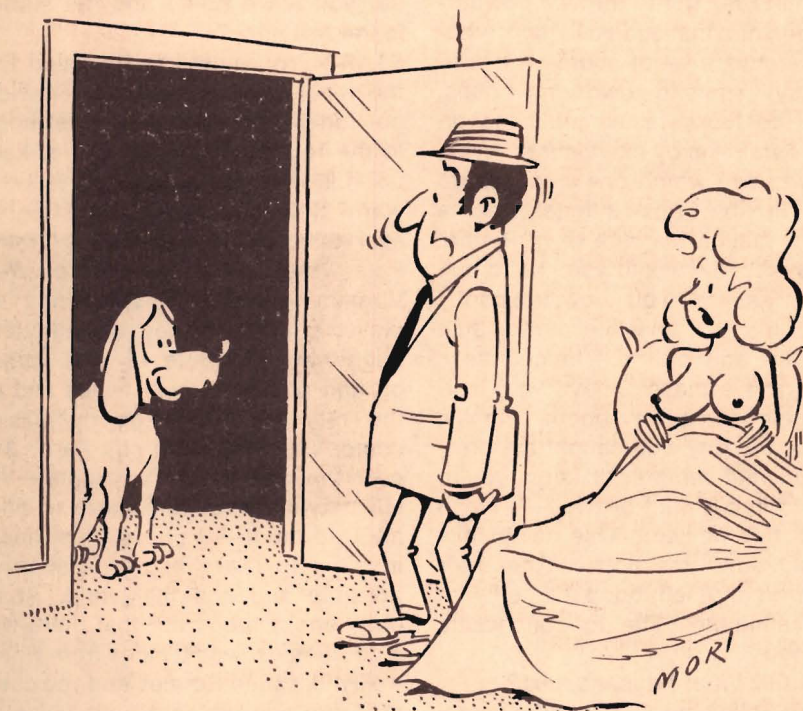
MICHIGAN

Detroit: This is Henry Ford's town . . . and Walter Reuther's . . . and Ty Cobb's. Danny Thomas got his start here . . . so did the Supremes, Charles Lindbergh, and the Lone Ranger. Detroit is a city where the past and the present meet head-on and the resounding, resultant crash means only excitement for the visitor. If you like bumping elbows with celebrities while you dine, you should try the **London Chop House** which is a spot they frequent for its especially fine food. **Joe Muer's**, a tradition in Detroit for 44 years, is mainly a seafood restaurant but also serves prime beef. The **Ponchartrain Wine Cellars** introduced Cold Duck to America. **The Money Tree** features crêpes and quiche and other French peasant dishes. **Detroit's NBA Pistons** play to home crowds in January as follows: New Orleans, the 2nd; Philadelphia, the 4th; Milwaukee, the 8th; Phoenix, the 18th; Cleveland, the 19th; Portland, the 22nd; Atlanta, the 24th; Chicago, the 26th; and Golden State, the 29th. Ice hockey is available through the **Red Wings**: Minnesota, the 6th; Los Angeles, the 12th; New York Rangers, the 16th; Montreal, the 20th; California, the 23rd; Pittsburgh, the 27th; and Vancouver, the 30th.

MISSOURI

St. Louis: A stopover here, unless it's semi-permanent, is too short a time to see everything this delightful city has to offer. Almost immediately travelers are attracted to the **Gateway Arch** which, at 630 feet, is the tallest

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

An Exclusive from the Queen of Striptease



(Photos by Andy Dalton/Global Communications)

BLAZE STARR

by Timothy Green Beckley

HUSTLER: For those unfamiliar with your stage act, can you describe a typical performance?

STARR: I start off by walking up and down the runway with a full-length mink coat — a very expensive one — draped over my body. It “sort of” slips off my shoulders and I end up dragging it in back of me so that it touches the floor. Normally, this will get the women in the audience ooh-ing and ah-ing. Using this as my cue, I strut to the edge of the stage and say, winking right at somebody’s husband, “That’s all right, honey, you’re going to buy me another one.” Then I grind a bit and announce in a low, sexy voice, “He’s going to make me work real hard for it. But I don’t mind, I like my work.”

After I’ve completed this part of my routine, I go to a custom-made couch at stage center, switch on a lighted lamp post sign that has “Passion Street” inscribed on it, and take off all my clothes except for a G-string

and a net bra. Then I throw a powder-puff out into the audience and whoever catches it — of course it has to be a guy — gets to powder my boobs. When the lucky fellow joins me on stage, I stall him by exclaiming, “Wait, I have to see which one wants to go first.” With this I point a finger at some woman, maybe his wife or girlfriend, and say, “Lady, would you like to pull the boob string? You know, the boob string. It’s an invisible cord. Just reach up and pull it.” Immediately, they’ll give a make-believe yank and I’ll wiggle one of my boobs. Finally, I turn to the guy who caught the powder puff and remark, “I know you’re dying to lick it a hit or two — I mean hit it a lick or two.” This never fails to bring down the house. After he’s powdered the left boob I’ll tell him to wait a minute, “The right one wants some too.”

HUSTLER: What happens next?

STARR: Following this last bit, I select another man and ask if he wants to go flower-picking in the hills. For this

routine, I take a rose and tuck it between my boobs, instructing him on how to get the rose by utilizing his teeth. “No hands, no hands on the boobs,” I scold, if he makes a grab for them. At this point, I start to rotate by breasts — boom, boom, boom — right in his face. This gets a roar from the audience. I warn him not to pick the cherries on the mountain tops, “Because if you do there’s going to be a big mountain slide.”

I conclude the act by getting on the sofa and saying, “Boy, this is hard work. It’s getting hot up here. I guess I’ll rest my weary body.” I proceed by lying down and stretching out. From the heating columns next to the couch, the smoke and fire start to billow up. While all this is happening, I’m jumping up and down shouting, “Stop it! Stop it! Save me! Save me! Call for help, honey!” When all the commotion dies, I get up and put on this big feather negligee and run back to the mike and exclaim, “We must keep covered and be a lady at all times.” It’s all comedy. I don’t reveal everything and I don’t show the filthy stuff like lying on the couch huffing, puffing and having imaginary sex.

HUSTLER: How old were you when you stripped for the first time?

STARR: Fifteen.

HUSTLER: This seems awfully young. Why and under what circumstances did you leave home and get started in the business?

STARR: You must keep in mind that the conditions I was raised under were not ideal. My family had to struggle to put food on the table and to keep us kids — 8 girls and 3 boys — in warm clothes. In fact, we had to grow everything we ate. Back in Twelve Pole Creek — in the hills of West Virginia — where I was born, we picked greens, berries, walnuts, anything that was edible. My dad worked on and off in the coal mines and on the railroad. When the depression came, we were hit pretty hard. And even though I loved my parents — I’m still very close to Mom, more so since my Dad died — I guess I just had it in mind to leave home as soon as possible and see the world. At an early age, I found out that there was a good-size town 50 miles from where we lived, called Carmet, and you could go there and watch all the trains go by. That’s where I tasted ice cream for the first time. I discovered if I pre-

tended my tooth was hurting real bad, I'd be taken there to see a dentist. Looking back now, I really shouldn't have done it because they couldn't afford it — then a tooth cost a dollar to have pulled. My heart ached to get out of the sticks. I remember a truck driver told me his daughter had a job in Washington, D.C. as a waitress. At the time even this seemed glamorous. Somehow I managed to save enough money for a bus ticket to D.C. I got a job the day I arrived.

HUSTLER: You were a waitress when you started?

STARR: Yeah, I worked for a few weeks in the Mayflower Donut Shop, not far from the White House.

HUSTLER: What transpired after that?

STARR: One day this gentleman comes in and tells me he has a trick horse and a cowboy that he manages. They're working for him in a place called the Quonset Hut. He wanted to put me in show business. I guess he thought I was pretty. I had long red hair down to my waist and even then a really big chest. He put me in the show, dressed me in a red and white cowgirl outfit and told me to play the guitar, something I had done a bit as a kid. It lasted one night. I was in and out of show business in one night.

HUSTLER: Why was that?

STARR: Well it seems his cowboy threatened to quit if I didn't leave the show. He apparently didn't like the way I got in and out of the guitar. I really had to twist to get my boobs through the shoulder strap. I guess I stole the spotlight away from him.

HUSTLER: When did you actually start stripping, professionally?

STARR: The very next night. You see this gentleman was trying like crazy to get my body — I was still a virgin at the time, believe it or not. So he says, trying to keep me happy, "I'm going to make you a strip woman. I'm taking you out tomorrow evening to see a stripper, and then you're going to go back to the Quonset Hut and take your clothes off." We went and I watched. He kept pushing me so I said, "Okay, I'll be a stripper if that's what it will take to make me famous."

HUSTLER: Didn't this clash with your upbringing? After all, you had led a sheltered existence until traveling to Washington?

STARR: Well, I discovered just by being on the stage that I liked the applause and I liked people looking at

me. I always told my mother some day I'm going to be somebody. I don't know how I'm going to do it or what I'm going to be, but I'll do it.

HUSTLER: Weren't you at all scared?

STARR: You couldn't help but be nervous. My "manager," as he called himself, bought me a gown and high-heeled shoes. I went back to the Quonset Hut and couldn't get the shoes on. I'd practiced all day walking in them. I never had high-heeled shoes before. Anyway, I went out with the gown and no shoes and I did my thing. I shook and wiggled and the audience screamed. They loved me. After the show, this fellow says he's planning a big party for that night and had invited several Hollywood producers. He gave me the "I'm going to get you in the movies" bit. Of course I fell for it. When we got to his house, there was nobody there. I said to myself, "Oh-oh, how am I going to get out of this one?" I never mentioned this before, but he was what you might call a filthy old man. He was playing with himself and not having seen a naked man before, I thought — well, he'll tear me apart and nobody else will ever want me.

HUSTLER: How did you manage to get out of this tight situation?

STARR: I said, "Okay, okay, I'll do what you want, but let me take a bath first." I went to the john, locked the door behind me and turned on the water in the tub while I planned my escape. While this was going on, he was banging on the door and telling me to hurry, that he couldn't wait. I yelled back for him to take it easy, that I'd be right out. "Got to learn sometime," I mumbled, trying to stall him. Finally I shoved a washcloth up into the hole at the top of the tub where the water's overflow goes. I wanted to fix his ass. I climbed up to the window and pushed myself through. If I weighed another pound, I'd never have made it. So I got the right side out and then the left one. My behind gave me particular trouble. Anyway, I went out head first and almost broke my neck. I got a taxi and went back to the boarding house where I was staying. By the time my "manager" found out that I had split, the water had flooded almost the whole house.

HUSTLER: I guess this experience with a man at age 15 was not so enjoyable. What did you think after this?

STARR: I figured, if that is the way

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



things are going to be, I'll stay a virgin all my life.

HUSTLER: How soon after that did you get back into performing?

STARR: Immediately. I packed my few belongings and left for Baltimore. Someone at the Quonset Hut had told me that if I really wanted to become a stripper not to pay attention to that bum; go to Baltimore where most of the girls go and start in the business. So I went. As soon as I got off the bus I went to this place, the Two O' Clock Club, where Mr. Goodman gave me a job. Ironically, I now own this establishment.

HUSTLER: So, you're in Baltimore and Mr. Goodman gave you a job...

STARR: Well, I told him I want to strip. He took one look at me and said, "Lordy, you're not even 18 years old. You're a baby." I started crying, after which I broke down and said, "Okay, I'm 16." As it turned out he let me work in both his places — actually it was all part of one building; there was an upstairs and a downstairs room. I worked five shows a day and copied all the strippers. Everything they did I'd do better.

HUSTLER: When did your first major break come?

STARR: *Esquire* magazine came through Baltimore in 1954, and they did a feature story on me. By then — I was 19 — I worked eight shows a day, loving every minute of it. Wished I had more to do, 'cause I truly enjoyed that stage. I still worked barefoot. As time went by, I learned to

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



walk in high-heeled shoes, but decided against using them. I had a lot of professional-looking gowns made. After the *Esquire* piece came out, Mr. Goodman started getting calls from other club owners out of town who wanted to bring me to their establishments. They wanted to advertise me as *The Esquire Girl*.

HUSTLER: Where did you go on tour?

STARR: I went to Philly and worked the Wedge. Julie Gibson, who was very popular in that city, had been doing a lot of publicity stunts and making the news. She went on vacation, and I filled in for her for two weeks. It was at this time that I decided I needed a gimmick. I bought a leopard, a real leopard, and dyed it black so it would look like a panther — black panthers were impossible to obtain. It died; it swallowed a ball and it died, but it was a real pet. So I got a real Asiatic black panther from the Lewisville Animal Company in New York. It was a baby and loved to eat raw steak. I called it Midnight. I had to take a female, although I wanted a male just for the sake of publicity. I paid \$1150 for the thing.

HUSTLER: What in the world made you decide to add a panther to the act?

STARR: I had heard about the Cat Girl in New Orleans, which I saw many years later. It was the most fabulous act that ever walked on the stage. Lily Christine was the Cat Girl and she was great. She's dead now but she was terrific. Anyway, I figured,

she's the Cat Girl, so I'll be the Panther Woman.

HUSTLER: Did it work out as you planned?

STARR: The girls at the club cut my hair and I made myself a really beautiful gown. One of them was a Lesbian. I never heard of a Lesbian before. I remember her saying, "Honey, you can come and stay with me until you get a place to stay," and all of that. I had thought nothing about sleeping with a girl before, because back at home we slept as many as three girls in a bed, and the little one at the foot of the bed. As soon as we got in the bed, she started feeling me up and I didn't know what in hell was going on. I said, "You're crazy," and started crying. Next day I packed up and got the hell out of there and went to a hotel.

HUSTLER: What happened to Midnight, the black panther? Did you have her with you all the time?

STARR: I kept her in the Majestic Hotel with me. Then, one day the cat got out. It wasn't a publicity stunt, like everyone figured. See, those old hotels had these little ledges. Panthers can jump like 20 feet — even babies like Midnight — and by that time she weighed about 40 pounds. They had no air-conditioning at the Majestic, so I had left the window open a crack. This is how she got away. I got calls from everywhere — the cat's attacking some kids; the cat jumped on a truck and rode down the highway; Midnight had been seen in the suburbs ten miles from Philly. It ended when she found her way to a pet shop where they had ocelots. I suppose she was horny. At about this time, Philly's Police Captain Frank Rizzo — now mayor — decided he didn't want me in town. He got real mad, and I guess he had a thing for me. So I left Philly and headed for Manhattan.

Here I snuck into the Forrest Hotel with the panther, and went to work at the Continental Burlesque House on 52nd Street. All hell broke loose a few days later when I had to return to Philadelphia for a show. I didn't plan on staying more than one night — Midnight was locked up in the bathroom back in New York City — but Rizzo had other ideas. He arrested me for sin and indecent exposure which meant I had to show up in court.

HUSTLER: Did anyone know the pan-

ther was in your hotel suite?

STARR: They quickly found out. It seems Midnight had turned on the water in the shower and flooded a whole side of the hotel. Nobody would go into the room because the cat was in there screaming her damn brains out. All the steam from the hot water must have scared her. When I came back from Philly, where I was found innocent of whatever the hell it was that Rizzo was charging me with, I had a subpoena slapped in my face. The hotel was suing me for messing up their place. Luckily, Robert Sylvester gave me a whole column with a little drawing of Midnight. Nobody knew that when I went in to get the cat, she jumped on my neck and bit me on the eyebrow. Later I had the scar removed. Finally, I had to call the same animal company and they came and got her. The animal trainer came with a cage, and I sold her back to them for \$550, and that was the end of the Panther Woman.

HUSTLER: How much were you making a night in those days?

STARR: It averaged out to about \$400 a week.

HUSTLER: How did that compare with your first night as a stripper?

STARR: The first night in Washington you couldn't count, because the guy promised he'd pay me on the weekend. He planned to take it out in trade — that's what he was planning to do. When I started out at the Two O'Clock Club, I was getting a \$1 per show.

HUSTLER: How did you work your way down to New Orleans?

STARR: After I worked Philadelphia and Rizzo gave me so much hell — he arrested me time after time — I decided I had a pretty big name. Every time he would arrest me, I would make the inside front pages of the local tabloids.

HUSTLER: You were getting quite a bit of publicity and word spread?

STARR: I was getting *loads* of publicity. So now the theatre circuit — burlesque theatre circuit — was big. I kept making the rounds of the Continental on the upper west side of Manhattan and the Heat Wave in New York City's Greenwich Village. I'd even go to the West Coast once in a while. Eventually I went to Miami to work. During 1958 I spent the whole winter in Florida. While there, I met

Continued on page 97

Gypsy



What does your mind conjure when you think of gypsy women? Dark beauty, sensual electricity, and a most pleasant image of sexual gratification?

HUSTLER's Gypsy certainly fills that description — and adds a curve or two of her own. From long, flowing dark hair, past succulent boobs and inviting hips and on to nicely-shaped legs, Gypsy is a perfect throw-back to the days when gypsies were among the most active in sexual pleasures.

"I've been a gypsy for as long as I can remember," she recalls. "My family traveled constantly, with the season, and I kept it up when I went out on my own. It keeps me free of any long-term entanglements and I enjoy coming in contact with many different people."

"One of the benefits of my lifestyle, as I see it, is my attitude toward sex. I was introduced to sex at an early age, just into my teens, and it was an outstanding experience."





"The man was a friend of the family and very learned and considerate in sexual matters. "He took his time to stimulate me and made me appreciate the fact that my tits were my main turn-on. Then, after gently massaging the lips of my pussy, put himself inside me.

Even though I was a bit apprehensive, it soon began to drive me wild with pleasure and felt better with every inch."

Gypsy, being a mystical sort, claims a deep interest in witchcraft and its many mysterious powers, potions and superstitions.

"I've been a witch for several years now and take it very seriously.

Many things have happened to me and others around me that can only be explained through the powers I possess as a witch. I've been able to completely change people's feelings and attitudes toward many things that they previously felt strongly about."





"And I've cast spells to help people through sickness or mental crisis. I concentrate mainly on doing good and avoid dealing with evil. I even helped out one guy who had trouble with shooting off too quick and turned him into one of the best and long-lasting sex partners I've ever had."

More recently, the wandering sorceress has added exotic dancing to her many talents and has performed professionally from coast to coast.

"I love to dance nude and was arrested once for indecent exposure and simulating sexual intercourse. Sometimes I get carried away and if there's anything phallic-shaped near the stage, I automatically include it in my act. However, I can't actually put it in me or use it as I'd like to because the law is always watching. Nevertheless, I get off and bring the audience with me by just fooling around and pretending with the object."







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E. Bacchus



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H. "69"



I. Sea Nymph



J. Pirate



K. Leda & Swan



L. Zuby King

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VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

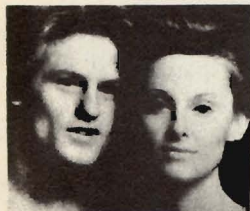
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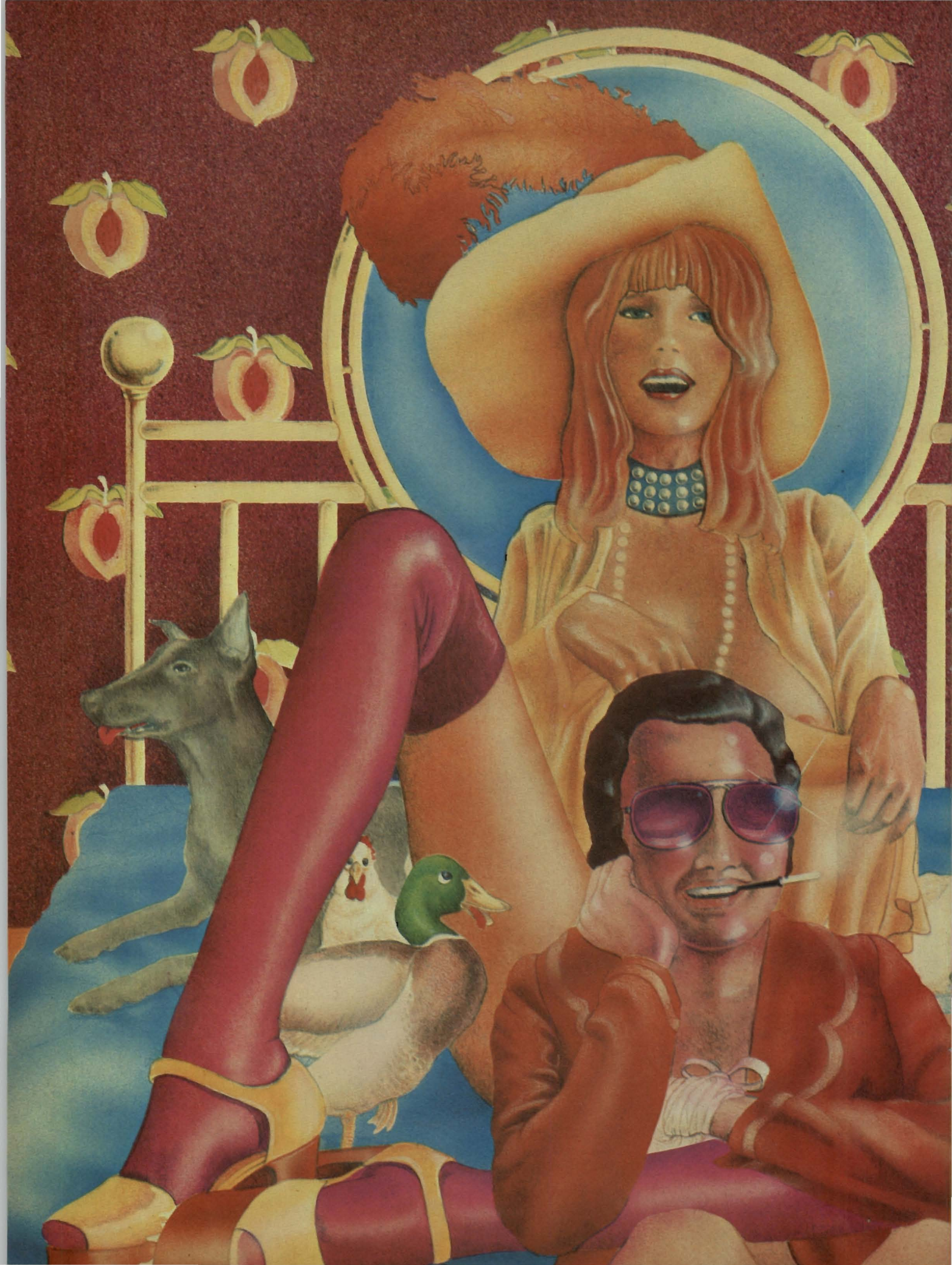
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36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215







Jolly Gigolo

by
Xavier Falklander
(Walt Jaffee)

Don't think of me as a poor guy gone astray because of a misguided or underprivileged childhood. I come from a very good background and grew up in a loving family atmosphere. I was born in the Falkland Islands and received a fine Falkland education. Between my parents and myself we speak a total of twelve languages. My father speaks seven, my mother speaks four-and-a-half, and I know enough gutter English to get by.

Father, a tall blond of Ethiopian and Aborigine extraction, was serious minded but warm and utterly devoted to his family. He was my doctor-mother's second husband. Her first, a Bedouin lute tuner, left the Falklands as soon as the divorce came through. His last remark going out the door, was that he'd really got a Falkland when he married her. Father's marriage with my mother was a happy one, even though they were opposites in personality, temperament, character, veracity, morality, intelligence, physique, sexual capacity, wealth, compassion, and desire. There was never any question that she loved only my father, despite a twinkling eye for a handsome man . . . or two . . . or three.

After the war we went to Argentina to start over again. My mother was a woman of great moral strength and courage, and quickly built up a new practice. She soon acquired a widespread reputation as a physician and patients came from all over South America. She was dedicated to medicine and her patients, especially if the patient happened to be a handsome guy with an imaginary stomach ache and a yen, or yang, for her.

One of my mother's patients was a masculine, strongly built man of about twenty-four. He worked in a kennel

that trained dogs to hunt wild roosters, so my father and I simply nicknamed him the "cock hound." Evidently the whole thing came to my father's attention when he saw a Maserati, a sailboat, and fourteen men's suits listed on the office accounts. Not too bright of her.

One evening father and I were in the kitchen putting away the dishes when the "cock hound" and some friends were in for treatments. Father quietly said, "I think I'll take a cup of coffee in to your mother." After he was inside there was a lot of yelling and screaming. Doors opened and slammed, china broke. My father had found the "cock hound" lustily lapping my mother's vagina, while she did likewise to one of his friends, and demonstrated her ambidexterity on still two others.

It took him a long time to get over that. I don't think Mother ever realized how much she'd hurt him with that silly little episode over a harmless bit of nonsense.

My childhood was fairly normal. By fourteen I'd had my first homosexual relationship. At sixteen my first heterosexual relationship. In short order there followed several encounters with either sex, several close relatives, and once a mallard. As I said, a normal childhood.

Being bored with Argentina, I went to stay with relatives in Panama. My stepbrother was a pilot on the canal. Like me, he was born in the Falklands, but left after his father, the Bedouin lute tuner, got the divorce. Even at an early age I remember being attracted by his wife, a pearl diver of Tibetan Shinto descent, short, well built, with curly blond hair.

Both were at the airport to meet me, more handsome than ever. They

drove me to their palatial estate in an exclusive suburb of Balboa. Life was easy, but boring. My brother and his wife went out most of the time, leaving me to sit with the kids. I was acutely feeling the absence of a good body to caress me and to satisfy my sexual appetites. The urge to have a lover was getting to me. Forget about masturbation, I didn't want to go blind. One day by the pool, feeling horny as hell, I became aware of the German Shepherd laying next to me. I reached down and languidly started stroking the hair-covered mound between his legs. He responded by biting me. Favoring my bleeding hand I turned my attention to the Doberman. She was more responsive. We crept into my brother's study and locked the door behind us. She was a young, strong animal and was breathing wildly, her tongue leaping out of her mouth, her eyes looking at me with that old familiar give-it-to-me doggie expression. I did. Within minutes I came twice.

On later occasions I made the pet chimpanzee, two chickens, a swan, and got bit on the other hand by the German Shepherd. I know it may disgust some but to me, at that time, it seemed perfectly natural. Maybe just a very tiny little bit kinky. At least everyone involved was happy. Except the damned German Shepherd.

A few weeks later I finally got to my sister-in-law. I was rubbing suntan lotion on her when she became aware of my intentions. It might have been because I was rubbing it on her nipples. She blurted out, "Xavier, in my eleven years of marriage to your brother I've never looked at another man and I don't think I should start now. Especially with a member of the family." I found it hard to believe. She was caressing my groin at the time.

Carrying her into the bedroom, I took off the rest of her bikini. She had a twinge of conscience. "This is all wrong. I want to leave," she said, pulling off my bathing suit.

"Xavier, please get a hold of yourself."

"I'd rather you got a hold of myself," I said, going down on her. She must have enjoyed it, before she came the first time she said, "I'll give you an hour to stop that."

She only knew one position, so I taught her several others. All together

**"This is all wrong.
I want to leave,"
she said, pulling off
my bathing suit.**

we climaxed 12.3 times apiece. From that day on we couldn't get enough of each other. She was always chasing my brother out of the house so we could be together. "Why don't you take the kids for a drive?" "Why don't you go play tennis?" "Why don't you go pluck some chickens?" "Why don't you go watch the tide come in?" "Go to the store for some steaks for dinner, the store in Houston." These were all common excuses. He never caught on. I guess he was a little naive.

At the Panama Hilton one day, I met a gorgeous widow named Cheryl. We had the same sexual appetites and were made for each other. After a torrid affair that took us in and out of the most expensive night clubs and restaurants, she had to leave. She promised to bring me to New York after she returned and there we would be married. I was looking forward to it, she had one of the tightest pussies I'd ever encountered.

After a brief wait, during which I had a tasty affair with a guy named Bruce, Cheryl flew me to New York. I knew something was wrong as soon as I got off the plane. She met me with two guys. The looks they exchanged were anything but platonic. After setting me up in a penthouse overlooking Central Park, I hardly saw her. The few times she did drop by became anguishing. She'd changed. The sex was getting kinkier by the day. Our romance finally ended with a scene involving a midget with a bull-whip, a Shetland pony, a black lady wrestler, two cockatoos, and a cucumber. I don't know why she wouldn't go for it. And after all the trouble I had sneaking the pony in the apartment.

After she kicked me out, I got a small flat in the Village and went to work as a guide at the United Nations.

At nights I balled anything in sight, and because of that I met Mister Percy. A friend gave me his number, I called, and he said to come right over. My friend said I could get paid for what I was giving away. The idea appealed to me.

Mister Percy greeted me nude. Behind him a heavy woman was laid out in the middle of the carpet. "Xavier, if you want to work, finish her off so I can see you."

I stripped down in a wink. She was fat, but nice, and her pussy was as warm and moist as any of them. When she left, Percy got right on the phone. "Sweetheart, I have the handsomest man, and he'll do anything, just anything, with anybody," he told his clients. That ended my career at the UN and began it in the bordello.

In a few months I had a black book filled with clients' names. In addition I had cards printed and gave them out, if discreetly, to whoever showed an interest. Most of Percy's clients were rich widows, housewives, and an occasional fashion model. The night we got arrested was typical. A group of executive secretaries were in after a night on the town. I had big Wanda, because she had the biggest box and I was the only one with the equipment to take care of it, my tongue. Besides, I loved it. Putting on a show in the middle of the living room added to the excitement for me. She was drunk and took a long time, so the others were dressed by the time we finished. Just as we did, the doorbell rang. I said jokingly to Percy, "Let me greet them in the nude." As he undid the twenty-seven locks on the door, one of the secretaries mumbled, "What a wonderful reception that will be!"

As the door opened, I stepped out to greet four women, put my arms around them, and bundled them through the door. They flashed their badges, "Vice squad. You're under arrest." Eight cops burst through the door, the boys started screaming, the girls had fits.

In all the disturbance I couldn't find my silk underwear, or shirt, or pants. So I had to go into the freezing night with nothing on under my coat. Herding us into squad cars, they drove us around for hours. The Irish matron next to me grabbed my hand and pushed it up between her legs. "What is this?" I said at the top of my voice. "You arrest us for selling it, now you



"Get your finger out of my ass!"

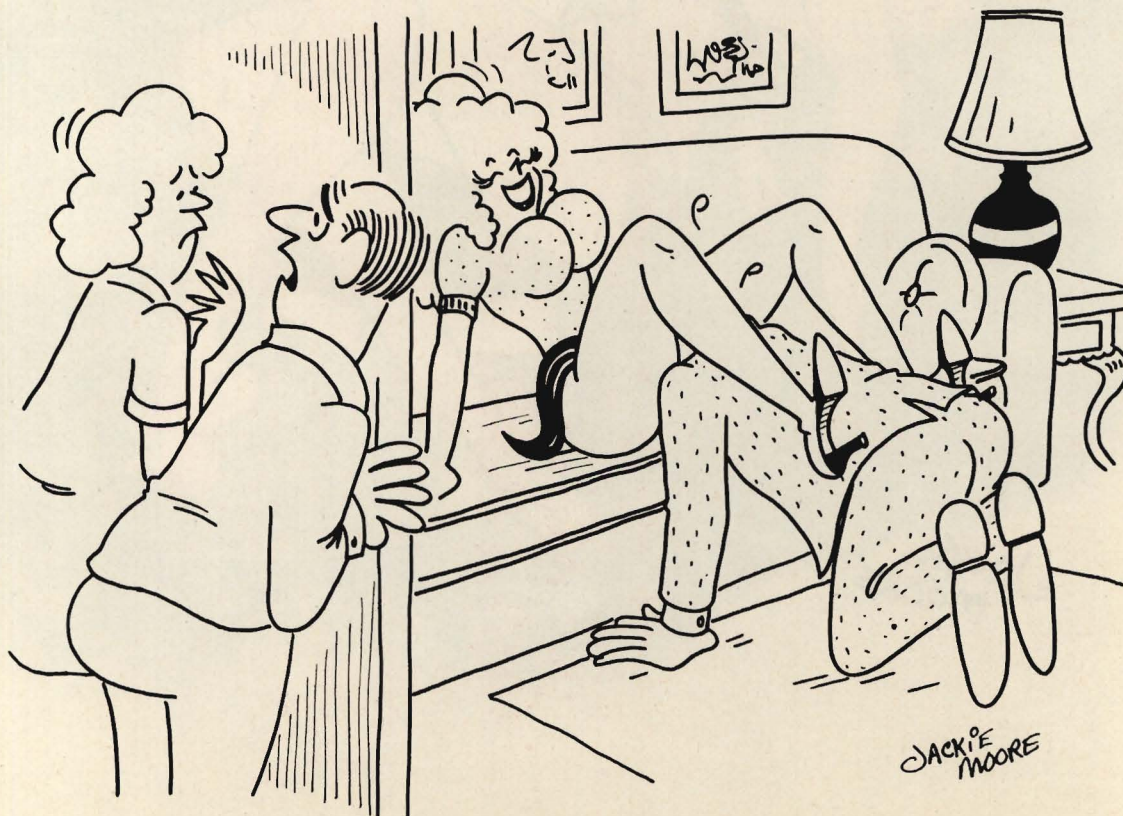
The first thing I make my guys understand is that this isn't some kind of Arthur Murray's where it is a cut-and-dried case of who leads and who follows. Most of our customers come there with their own ideas on sex. Highest on the list of preferences after straight sex is "eating out," called in the trade, "eating out." If a guy comes to me unskilled in this essential art I teach him how on a pitted peach. Another request is for Greek sex or anal intercourse. And some expect analingus, or around the world.

Highest on the list of preference after straight sex is “eating out.”

In time I've become the biggest gigolo in New York, with the largest house. I think my story proves my business should be made legal. People

I'm sorry the exciting moments of making people happy may be over, thanks to outmoded laws and dishonest maneuvers. But, I guess there will always be new opportunities for an ambitious, active Falklander who likes to fuck alot, to be happy and give pleasure to others. After all, each of my customers said they always got a good Falkland when they had me.

Logan Pearsall Smith



"I don't think he's trying to propose, dear"

CANDY

"I feel that my body is the most precious commodity I have to offer anyone."



"When I lay next to someone, every nerve ending in my body can pick up the vibrations my bedpartner is transmitting, even without him knowing it. I can always tell when he's hot and in need of some good lovin' or when he's fully satisfied after a wild session."









"Because of this increased sensitivity, it takes very little to turn me on. I'm very passionate and the slightest touch can send me into a frenzy. I'm probably one of the easiest women in the world to satisfy because I've made myself susceptible to all physical contact."







ROBERT REDFORD

by R. Allen Leider

Robert Redford is one of the hottest box office draws since the star system underwent its shakeup at the end of the '60s. At that time, a small number of male actors were thrust into the limelight and curiously managed to become more powerful than their predecessors. In their ranks and climbing still is a tall, blond who is much the epitome of the clichéd "all American boy."

However, one of the disadvantages of being "hot" is the need to mingle with people, people and more people. Not exactly the prescription for one who craves more than a modest amount of privacy. For, echoing Garbo's famous one-liner, actor Robert Redford admits that "he wants to be alone."

My first meeting with the well known celebrity took place during a rare publicity tour to tout his film *The Candidate*. To get the flavor of the film, Warner Brothers had rented

mer of 42 and *American Graffiti*, we can understand how Redford was half-bored and half-exhilarated with his outdoor paradise. This restlessness sent him into the world of sports. So, after attending Van Nuys High School, young Redford entered the University of Colorado with a basketball scholarship and majored in — of all things — art!

With this information in mind, I went into the observation car of the Amtrak train we were riding aboard and met face to face with Robert Redford. I first decided to clarify that mysterious and seemingly misplaced art major he had in college.

"I've always liked drawing since I was a boy," he admitted, although he didn't seem to want to talk much about it. "I won a small award for some art work I did in high school, but most of my stuff has just been for my own satisfaction. I was more into sports than art when I reached college, but I had to major in something, so..."

the oil fields of Los Angeles to pay his way to Europe. His artistic venture in France and Italy was finished and he now had to buckle down to the task of building his future — he planned to be an art director.

To better equip Redford for his chosen goal, one of his teachers at Pratt suggested he get some theater background by attending a few classes at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Acting became his second great discovery, the first being Lola Van Wagenen, whom he married in 1958. Soon, he dropped the Pratt venture to pursue the stage full time.

"The trouble with painting," Redford philosophizes, "is that to be a

PORTRAIT OF A LONER

a six-car Amtrak train and decorated it as a touring campaign train. It stopped several times for Redford to give a pseudo-campaign speech, hype the film and do a "get out the vote" pitch. Between whistle stops the press was allowed a rare audience with the fair-haired god of the silver screen.

Not wanting to waste any of my precious thirty minutes, I did copious research on my host beforehand. I discovered that Robert Redford was born in Santa Monica, California, in 1937, when California was more than the biggest outpatient clinic in the country. It was trees, grass and the old Hollywood with all its glitter and society. He spent his childhood outdoors amongst the citrus groves and quaint Spanish buildings that dotted the countryside like some vast set for a Zorro movie. That childhood was, of course, in the '50s and anyone who knows nostalgia knows what the times stood for. Recalling the attitudes and moods of *Last Picture Show*, *Sum-*

"But, you *did* go to Europe to study art," I reminded him, not letting him evade the subject.

"I think it was just an extension of my need to expand my horizons," Redford replied. "I had left California soon after my mother passed away and took that scholarship at the U of Colorado. Now, I wanted to see more of the world. So I dropped out of school and went to Europe. I think it was a combination of curiosity and boredom that led me there. I spent a lot of time roaming about, hitchhiking and going to museums and galleries. I painted quite a bit and one day I found myself in Florence, Italy, broke and without a return ticket. Fortunately, I met an art teacher who arranged a showing of my paintings and I sold enough to get home. Well, I got back to New York."

In New York, Redford enrolled at Pratt Institute, an art school. Behind him were the days in the orchards of California, the days he spent at the University of Colorado and working in

truly satisfied painter you need seclusion and the merit is, for the most part, in creating for yourself. Acting is a more satisfying venture in other ways. It's a sharing of your talent with others because, unlike paintings, you can't watch yourself all the time. You can paint for yourself, but you must act for the audience."

So, turning his back on painting, Redford tackled the world of entertainment and soon found himself in a bit part in *Tall Story*. His next part was better . . . eight lines better in *The Highest Tree*. In 1960, he had one good scene in *The Little Moon of Alban* which brought him some deserved attention. He also got some

continued on page 73





"How did the accident occur?" the doctor asked.

"Well," said the patient, "I was making love to my girl on the living room rug and all of a sudden the chandelier came crashing down on us."

"Fortunately you only sustained some minor lacerations on your buttocks," the doctor said. "I think you're a very lucky man."

"You said it, doc. A minute sooner and it would have fractured my skull."



Unable to cope with his new wife's lib tendencies, the young man asked his father how he had dealt with similar problems.

"Well son, whenever your mother began to act up, I'd take down her panties and spank her."

"I tried that, too," lamented the son, "but by the time I get her pants down, I'm not mad at her anymore."

A man walked into a New York City bar with a frog perched on his head.

"Where did you get that?" asked the startled bartender.

And the frog croaked, "Well, it began as a wart on my ass."

hustler • humor

A young British soldier was sent to a deserted outpost in the Middle East as part of a U.N. peace-keeping mission. "You're going to like it here," he was assured by another soldier when he arrived. "Every Friday night we get a truckload of booze from that Arab village and have a great time."

"I'm really not much of a drinker," said the new soldier.

The other shrugged, "Well, on Saturdays we bring a busload of wild girls from that Arab village and have an orgy."

"I don't think I'd be interested in that," the soldier mused.

"Say," his new friend blurted, "you're not queer, are you?"

"Of course not," the soldier snapped.

"Too bad," said the first. "You won't like Sundays either."



Long before the white man ever got around to making wife-swapping a popular pastime, Indian squaws had their own version of it. They called it passing the buck.

"What a disgusting sight," berated an old busy-body woman when she spied a fat man seated on his front steps drinking a can of beer. "Why, if that belly was on a woman, I'd swear that she was pregnant."

The fat man leered, "Madam, it WAS and she IS."

You've heard about the prostitute who said, Disgustedly, "Why don't you use your head?"

Definition of a prostitute: a loose screw.

Definition of a vice squad: a pussy posse.

Are you into joke telling with no one to listen? Tell 'em to us and make some money at the same time. We pay standard freelance rates. Send all jokes to **Hustler Humor**, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.



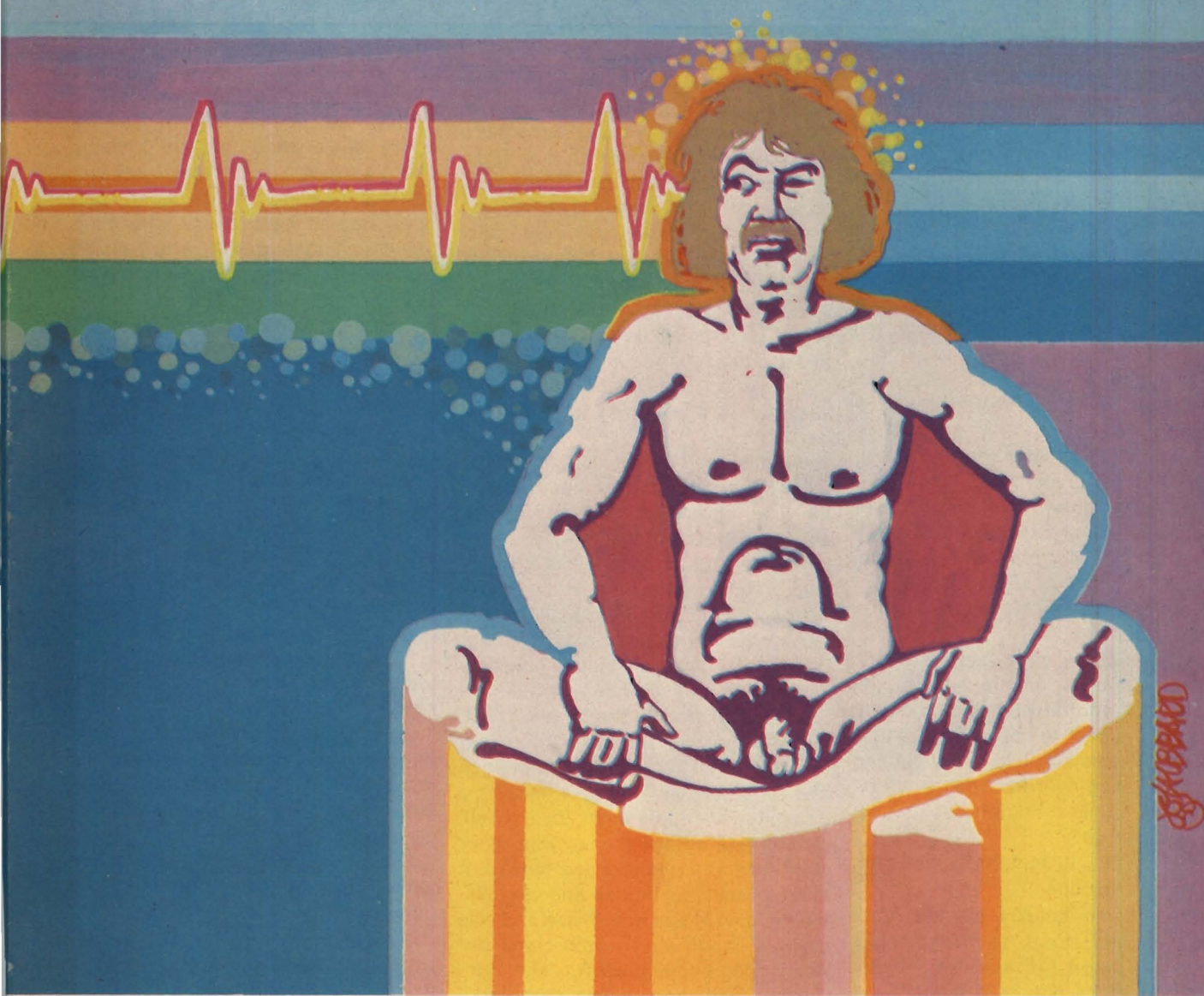


The Girl W

BY D. R. BUTLER

With eyes closed, John struggled to meditate. He tried to concentrate on the area of his third eye—up between his eyebrows—and for

a moment he thought he felt a flash of energy rush up his spine. The rising of the kundalini, they had said, was like a cosmic orgasm. Suddenly he opened his eyes and



Who Knew

looked across the room.

She was staring at him. The sudden impact of her eyes gave him a flash of energy sure enough, although he wasn't sure it had anything to

do with the meditation. Her eyes were big, brown, intent. He'd seen her glancing at him a few of the other nights, but he'd never caught her holding his gaze like that. Was it be-

cause this was the last night and she'd probably never see him again?

Everyone else in the cramped room had their eyes closed tightly, each meditating to the degree he or she was capable. Every Wednesday night that summer they had come to hear Swami Karmananda talk and to join him in meditation. Swami Karmananda sat perched in front of the room in the lotus position, draped in his bright orange robes, obviously deep in his own meditation. Meditating in the presence of an advanced being like the Swami was supposed to allow one to approach his level, to experience whatever it was that he experienced. It had something to do with vibrational fields.

John looked back at the girl and now her eyes were closed. She had been there every Wednesday John had been there — for all he knew she hadn't missed a night — so she must take it seriously. She had glanced over at John now and then right from the first, almost as though she knew him, but she had never said anything. John closed his eyes and resumed his efforts to meditate.

A few minutes later the Swami began to chant. Everyone joined in for a while, and then there was another brief talk — final instructions on meditation and thought control. The Swami was going back to India for the winter. Smiling warmly, he thanked everyone for coming.

John made his way out of the crowd, out of the stuffy studio high in the West 70's, and paused for a moment outside the door to find and put on his shoes. He was bending over, slipping his right shoe over his heel, when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the girl.

"I realized it tonight," she said. "You are the one."

Puzzled, he quickly got his other shoe on and stood up straight. Her eyes followed his and held them steadily. "I'm the one what?" he asked her.

"You're the person I've been looking for all my life," she said. "I suspected it the first time I saw you, when my whole being reacted to your presence. But after tonight, in meditation . . . well, now I'm sure of it."

People were waiting patiently all around them to get to their shoes. John felt their waiting, and he said to the girl. "Look, can we go somewhere

**"I realized it tonight,"
she said.
"You are the one."**

to talk this over?"

Fifteen minutes later they were in a coffee shop on upper Broadway. John had ordered coffee, the girl tea. She sat across from him and gazed at him with bright eyes, like he was an old lost love she had newly rediscovered. Her hair was a light brown, and it hung softly upon her shoulders. She wore slacks, an Oriental top. When she spoke her voice came out low and deep, like so many girls today. "I feel so *comfortable* with you," she said. "It's just how I knew it would be."

John sipped from his coffee and looked her straight in the eyes. He knew he should be cool and knowledgeable, but he didn't know what was going on. "Look, let's get it straight who you think I am," he said.

She flashed her great smile again, her eyes shining and her teeth springing out of hiding. "You know how they say there's only One Self, and It's reflected in all of us?" she began. "Well, I've always had trouble seeing that Self. I still get very caught up in egos and personalities. I have a hard time dealing with impersonal love. I still tend to see others as someone *other than me*." She paused and looked at him carefully, as though she were listening to what she was saying and was curious about what would come out next. "For some reason," she continued, "with *you* it was different. I looked at you and I saw *myself*! Tonight, during meditation, I opened my eyes and saw you over there, and it was like seeing *myself* meditating. It was like looking in a *mirror*! And then, just when I was feeling it real strongly, you opened your eyes and looked over at *me*. I had no doubt about what was going on then."

"What was going on then?" John asked her.

"I knew we'd found each other!"

He learned that her name was Sita, and that she lived alone in a small apartment in the East Thirties. After a while she suggested that they might be more comfortable at her place and asked him if he wanted to come over. John was fascinated by her and readily agreed to go wherever she wanted, so they shared a bumpy subway ride.

Her apartment was crowded with books, her walls were covered with psychedelic posters, and a whiff of leftover incense filled the air. An old sofa lined one wall. In a corner was a cushion on top of an orange blanket. "That's where I meditate," she said.

Then she began to tell him of all the books she'd read, all the systems she'd tinkered with, the teachers, gurus and swamis she'd been to hear. "I've tried so hard to find something that feels right to me," she said. "I like Swami Karmananda because he says you don't have to follow him to be liberated. There are some so-called gurus, you know, who claim they *personally* can give you liberation. Maybe some people need that, but I don't."

John listened to her carefully, and he watched the quick movements of her eyes. She was full of expression, full of life, and yet she didn't seem quite real. She's just a human doll, he thought. A human body machine produced her and breathed life into her and gave her free will and a rational mind and now she's going to it.

"Of course, I never felt like I *really* found myself until I saw you," she said.

John sat down on her sofa. "What the hell's so special about *me*?" he demanded. "I mean, I'm really glad if seeing me turns on your psyche or whatever, and I think maybe I even know *intellectually* what you're talking about, but I don't feel it in *here*." He pointed to his heart.

She sat down on the floor across from him, cross-legged. Her eyes twinkled as though amused at some secret joke. "You don't have to accept me," she said. "It's enough that I know you exist. I don't have to *possess* you or anything. I'll get by if I never see you again."

John was frustrated. He didn't know how to relate to this girl. It almost seemed as though nothing he did or said made any impression on her whatsoever. He suddenly realized that

continued to page 88

The Mad Hatter





HUSTLER Honey for February is a delicious honey blonde named Marcia. Just what a man needs to wrap around himself on a cold, winter day.

Marcia works evenings in the Columbus Hustler Club as a dancer and hostess with several other delightful chicks and says she enjoys her work.

"I've met a lot of nice men at work. I like them especially if they can listen as well as talk. A lot of men feel that girls who work in a night club have no personality and have nothing of interest to say.

But although I'm pleased about being considered something of a sex symbol, I also feel that I'm a person and like to be treated as one.

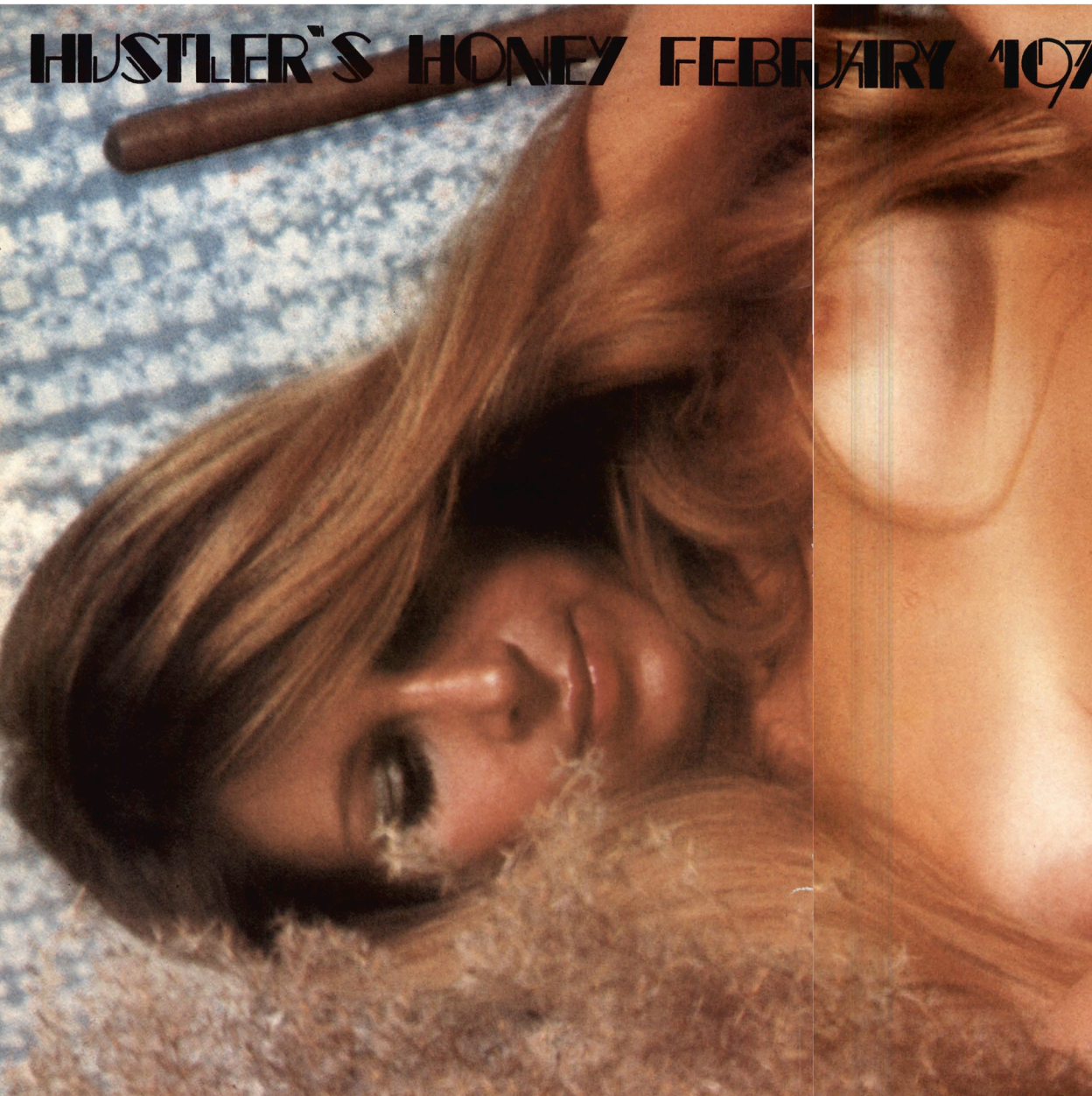
"My philosophy is to live as well as possible and have fun without losing contact with reality. Where sex is involved, make it mean something rather than just fucking because you have nothing else to do.

"What turns me on? A man who is considerate and feels that both partners should enjoy everything they do together."





HUSTLER'S HONEY FEBRUARY 1977







Although a life-long resident of Columbus, Ohio, the 22-year-old beauty claims to be "just a simple girl with simple pleasures." But even a brief glance along her many pleasant curves gives you the feeling of something other than "simple." For most men, that feeling is the desire to be under a great big hat with Marcia. "I like tennis, swimming and things like that. Not very erotic when you think about it. Even concerning sex, I'd have to say I'm pretty ordinary. Sex is very nice and produces a good feeling if it's right, but I don't go in for any sexual perversions. I've read about some things and heard others talk about bondage, S and M, Greek and so on, but I'd rather just keep it simple and enjoy it. I guess my only hang-up is wearing wild hats. I go crazy over them."



The sensuous body of Marcia will soon be gracing the campus of one of Ohio's colleges. She wants to keep moving ahead. "There's nothing worse than a person who gives up and stagnates. It's always possible to become better at anything."





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Presidential Assignment



by Mike Boyd

"I looked over my right shoulder. Governor Connally was right behind me on the jump seat. I could see blood coming out of him. He had on a white shirt and his coat was open. Blood was pouring out onto his white shirt. Then I knew we were in trouble. . . ."

The date was Friday, November 22, 1963. The city was Dallas, Texas. A clock atop the Texas Book Depository building read 12:28 p.m. Secret Service agent Bill Greer was at the wheel of the President's open Lincoln convertible.

Here for the first time, Greer talks about the behind the scenes lives of the four Presidents he guarded and reveals how Lee Harvey Oswald bungled his chance to wipe out the entire Presidential party.

Greer came to the United States from County Tyrone, Ireland at the age of 18. He was with the U.S. Secret Service for 21 years, 16 of them on the White House detail.

Just under six feet tall, Greer is a lean, tough man with a quick Irish grin that displays a row of perfect, sparkling white upper teeth. His handsome face is tan year-round from hours on the golf links.

"Whenever the President travels in a city like Dallas, you have the police motorcycle escort alongside your car

—in front of you and all the way back. I thought at first it was a motorcycle backfire."

That is what Greer thought he heard, a motorcycle backfire but it wasn't. Then the second shot echoed off the tall buildings. Governor Connally gasped. Greer turned and saw the blood on the Governor's shirt.

"It happened so fast. It don't take you very many seconds. I just tramped on it and held it to the floor. There was a railroad underpass right in front of me, only about 50 or 60 feet away. I tried to get underneath that underpass just as quickly as I could," he said.

At that point, the deadly third shot was fired. The slug hit the President in the back of the head and splintered. A piece of the slug whipped past Greer's ear and smacked into the heavy windshield. The impact left a spider web star on the glass.

Years of training came into play at this point. With shots flying around him he scanned the rail overpass. It was clear. He wasn't being mouse-trapped into a squeeze play.

"Very definitely all three shots that I know of, at least those that were hits, came from that corner of the building. The President was hit right square in the shoulder. The Governor was hit in the back and the bullet

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Adolescent Fantasy

Most men begin thinking about girls when both are still in the early stages of sexual development. And you could say that a man's subconscious mind ceases to advance from that point. Fantasies about the young blooming body of a teenage nymph are always there, stuck somewhere beneath the surface, waiting to be recalled in a moment of need.

The polished lens of the HUSTLER

camera is calling this fantasy back to focus just in case the mind's image is growing dim.

The history of man is filled with what is now referred to as the "Lolita Complex." That is, men who hit a sexual down-trend and find unimagined success in rebuilding ego by appealing to the undeveloped emotions, yet quite developed bodies, of young girls. It's a sexual reassurance that is





based on the extreme ease of impressing most teenagers, although that fact is necessarily ignored by the older males.

This fantasy, often explicit to the point of imagining a young pussy with very little or no pubic hair, is usually filled in with real-life facial features of a girl the man comes in contact with in daily life. Rarely does it include immediate family, but could be a niece, female cousin or just a neighborhood waif. And this fantasy can begin in many ways — reading to her, entertaining her, putting her to bed for a seemingly innocent nap — but always ends by sexually entering this virginally tight, tender body.

It is as a "Forbidden Fruit," wildly desired but strictly forbidden by outraged morals of society.

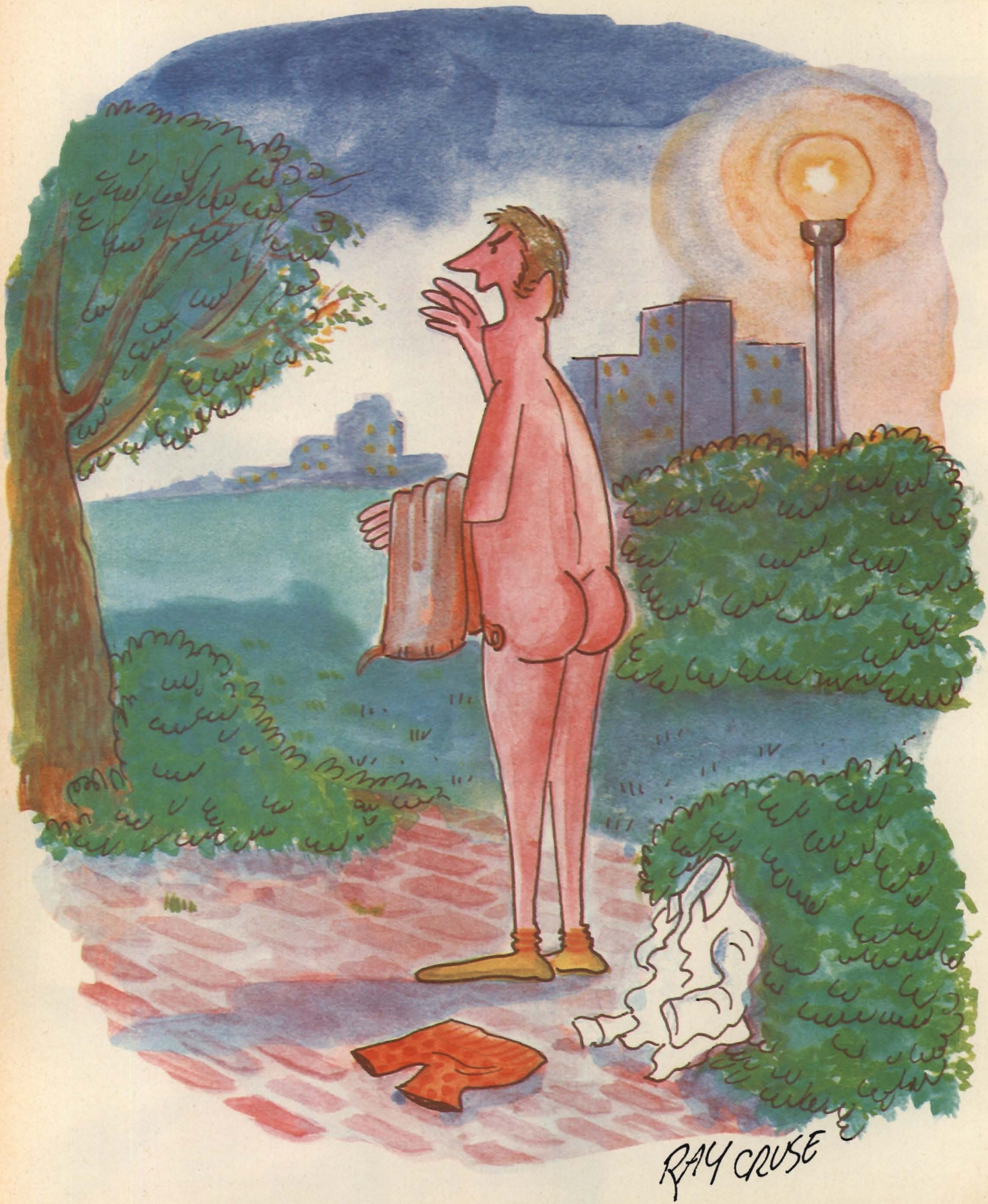
Every man wants to be the fabled "first lover" of every young woman,

owing largely to the rumor that a girl always embraces the memory of her initial encounter with sex.

A further explanation of the desirability of young girls to older men is the fear of being compared to other lovers. With a virgin, there is no comparison, no way a man can be told he's not adequate since the girl has yet to experience adequacy of the quality of sex or the size of the male penis.

The old saying, "Fuck my wife, but leave my daughter alone!" takes into account only a man's OWN daughter. The daughter of another man? Let HIM worry about her. In the meantime, if a young creature with warm innocent eyes comes along, I'll be more than happy to entertain her, read to her, help her into a nice innocent sleep, and then I'll . . .





"Goddamn lousy rapist! Why don't you buy some glasses?"

continued from page 51

notoriety as a young Nazi in a Playhouse 90 production of *In The Presence of Mine Enemies*. But his best to date was his performance in *The Iceman Cometh* in a version done for television by Sidney Lumet. Playing a role against his "type," Redford proved his extreme versatility and soon he was "ready" for films.

"My first film," Redford explained as quickly as possible, "was a low budget epic made by Terry and Dennis Sanders called *War Hunt*. I played opposite John Saxon and the film did little for me, the Sanders' or Saxon. So, I returned to Broadway and luckily got the lead in Neil Simon's *Sunday in New York*."

"I thought you made your mark in *Barefoot in The Park*?"

"That was next," Redford replied, "I was doubly lucky there, because after doing that play on Broadway, I returned to Hollywood and did some films. One of those, a very important one, was the film version of *Barefoot*,

was any way to live. Anyway, I took off for a year and finally returned to honor a commitment I had to do, that film version of *Barefoot In The Park*."

"Didn't that restore your faith in the film business?" I asked. "That one picture got you some terrific reviews and really started the offers coming in again."

"Maybe so," Redford mused, "but I'll never repeat a role again. It's a drag to keep it interesting. It's like doing a stage play for three years — you end up sleepwalking through it."

"You had many film offers. Were there any you turned down that you wish you hadn't?"

"That's very hard to answer. There were parts that I didn't think I fit too well and maybe I was right. Maybe I could have done the roles and no one would have noticed and I would today have credit for the films instead of others. I think I made the right decisions most of the time."

"What did you turn down?" I queried.

"I just felt unsure about acting for a living . . . the uncertainties of show business. One day you're hot and the next day no one wants you."

which I believe led to a great many film offers. I played with some of the big names — Brando, Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer — it all came so fast, I had to adjust quickly."

By 1967 Robert Redford was one of the top box office grossers in America. Behind him were *Inside Daisy Clover*, *The Chase* and *This Property Is Condemned*. Ahead lay a new challenge.

"The studio wanted me to do a film called *Blue*," Redford recalls with a bitter taste in his mouth. "At the last minute I had second thoughts. I was guilty about leaving my art studies and painting. I had seen what was happening to California and it bothered me. It still does and I have a great many ecological projects I keep busy with. Then I just felt unsure about acting for a living; the responsibilities to my family and the uncertainties of show business. One day you're hot and the next day no one wants you. I just didn't know if this

"The Dustin Hoffman part in *The Graduate*, for one," Redford answered. "Then I turned down the lead in *Rosemary's Baby*."

He didn't have to say words. I saw in his face that Redford had doubts about the decision not to do that one. Well, you win a few and lose a few, I guess.

Next, we got around to talking about his appearance in *The Candidate*. I particularly wanted to know why it was made in an election year . . . and released during the national conventions.

"I made *The Candidate* for several reasons. First, we produced it ourselves because no major studio wanted it. Second, I chose the subject because it was something that interested me . . . no, bothered me and it seemed like good entertainment, too, if handled right — in an intelligent manner."

"Do you think this film changed the political system or got people to vote with the system in mind?" I quizzed.

"I hope so," Redford responded. "At least people will see the process and how complicated it is. I would like to think of it as a constructive gain. I've always thought that the political system in America had a lot of built-in waste . . . waste of time, waste of energy and especially waste of money. It seemed to me to be destructive enough for me to want to analyze it. I actually got out and, working in a few campaign headquarters, got first-hand knowledge of what a campaign consists of. People are constantly asking me if my political views are this or that. I think before this movie I was, if anything, anti-political, but in the course of researching and producing the film, I became more



sympathetic to the system. Not that my opinions changed to any great degree, but I could relate more to the candidate and understand the immense pressures he's put under for the campaign year. It's a tremendous strain on his mental and physical powers, his family relationships and his nerve."

"Didn't you do a similar study for *Downhill Racer*?" I asked, seeing a pattern possibly emerging in the film history of this star.

"It was very similar, now that you mentioned it. I've always been interested in winners," Redford confided. "I take a lot from my own experiences in school when I was playing basket-

ball, skiing and the like. I have this philosophy which holds up very well for both sports and politics. It works like this: most of the time, the pressure exerted on a winner is for the benefit of others, the politicians or the backers of the athlete. He becomes a tool like a race horse. The candidate (or young athlete) can be a personal loser. People will tolerate the behavior of a shit . . . if he can win. We see it every day on the news. He may be a shit, but if he delivers what we want he's the greatest . . . until he begins to fail us. Then they descend upon him and he's finished. My film shows what happens to a young politician caught in this situation. He's likeable



enough, but has no special quality or gift. He's a one-dimensional being. But the professionals in the system see him as an opportunity — a potential winner who can serve their goals. So they train him, groom him, rehearse him and push him into the winner's circle. I think the last scene of *The Candidate* says it all. McKay has just won the senatorship and he turns blankly and asks 'What do I do now?' "

Did the same apply for *Downhill Racer*, I wondered?

"It was much the same idea. I got it on the spur of the moment and developed it as a pet project. I picked skiing because it combined poetry and danger, two things I find fascinat-

ing. We snuck into the Winter Olympics (1968) under false credentials and got some footage of the races. It took two years to put that together and the critics loved it. But I felt it did little for me. I think *Butch Cassidy* did more. And I think *The Candidate* will further my image. It also may do some good. It's a constructive criticism and I hope it will make the voters more knowledgeable and more cautious about that which they see and hear and what they think they know about the process. Then they can vote in a more intelligent manner."

"You mentioned *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid*," I probed. "That film really made you a superstar. How did you get the part?"

"I don't know about the superstar bit," Redford reflected. "I did get very lucky with it. I was still an unknown quantity then. I had just finished my vacation after the squabble at Paramount over *Blue* and I wasn't terribly popular. Also my competition for the role included people like Brando,

vided relief for him from the grind of heavy dramas. The next critical acclaim came from the reviews of *The Way We Were* made for Columbia and co-starring Redford with Barbra Streisand. *The Way We Were* traced the lives and romance of a Jewish activist (Streisand) and a W.A.S.P. writer (Redford) through the '30s, '40s and '50s. The emphasis was originally on the McCarthy era and the Hollywood blacklisting, but somehow the script wound up leaning on the romantic side. The quote, "Redford and Streisand blend superbly" seemed to capture the mood of the film, which scored both critically and financially.

While *The Way We Were* was racking up points at the box office, Redford was bouncing around New York, Rhode Island and London making *The Great Gatsby* with Bruce Dern and Mia Farrow. The project was one which had been much touted since the announcement of the remake was made last winter. The original starred Alan Ladd and included

"I was guilty about leaving my art studies and painting. I had seen what was happening to California and it bothered me."

Steve McQueen and other young stars who made the grade in the early '60s. But Paul Newman wanted someone with a serio-comic attitude to foil for him in the comic moments of the film. He wanted a team, not two actors working together. There's a fine line between the two. I received the British Film Academy's Best Actor Award for that film. It was my first big award — quite a shock."

"Wasn't it a chore re-creating a legend like the Sundance Kid?"

"Not really," Redford explained. "Not many people knew who they were when we made the film. Maybe a few people in Utah and Western history buffs knew. Besides, the way the part was written there wasn't much to go on. We created the legend in the film."

After *Butch Cassidy*, Redford made *Little Fauss and Big Halsey*, another film about sports (motorcycle racing) which did little for him or the backers. Then he did the *Hot Rock*, a comedy about jewel thieves which just pro-

vided relief for him from the grind of heavy dramas. The next critical acclaim came from the reviews of *The Way We Were* made for Columbia and co-starring Redford with Barbra Streisand. *The Way We Were* traced the lives and romance of a Jewish activist (Streisand) and a W.A.S.P. writer (Redford) through the '30s, '40s and '50s. The emphasis was originally on the McCarthy era and the Hollywood blacklisting, but somehow the script wound up leaning on the romantic side. The quote, "Redford and Streisand blend superbly" seemed to capture the mood of the film, which scored both critically and financially.

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the famous love scene in which the lady had to stand in a ditch because Ladd was so short and the director wanted an eye to eye shot of them. Redford would have no such problem with Mia. He towers over her.

My second meeting with Redford was in a teeming rainstorm on the lower deck of New York City's 59th Street Bridge. I had obtained a studio pass for myself and Huntington Hartford to go on the set and meet the people. Hartford wanted to see Mia Farrow, a friend of his, and I wanted to pick up the conversation with Redford.

Redford looked especially dapper that gloomy Sunday driving a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost in his pink touring suit. During the break I went over to him and asked him how he liked the film. He was less than enthusiastic about chatting in the rain.

It was a group scene in which the *Gatsby* entourage drove to New York from his Rhode Island estate. "I've never been crazy about group

activities," Redford muttered. "That's why I went into single man sports."

"You've always been sort of a loner," I commented. "I noticed the similarity between you and *Jeremiah Johnson*," a film he made before *The Candidate*. Essentially it is the story of a man who packs up his life and moves to a wilderness far from society in the 1880s.

"I think the film has a stronger point," Redford lectured. "It showed that man can get away from conventional society and face the real world, which in retrospect is far more dangerous than the city. And I include all the muggers and associated ills we hear of on the news. The Indians Johnson battles constantly are more savage than any street gang... and then there is nature. We seem to have forgotten nature not only in our ecological violations, but we forget the power of nature... ice storms, winds and the things that we are more or less insulated from. Even if you live in an apartment with no heat, it's not

country is for growing up. That city life is based in the Redford's other home, an east side co-op apartment in Manhattan decorated like the old west with sagebrush, et al.

Credit for the wild west decor goes to Lola Redford, who has instilled the best of the west including a huge butcherblock dining table in her country kitchen away from the country. It may be well to note here that eating is one of Redford's sacred times of the day. Woe is he who interrupts mealtime. The apartment also boasts some pieces of comfortable furniture rescued from the Salvation Army's used furniture shops. Adorning these overstuffed "finds" Lola has created patchwork and needlepoint pillows. The old fashioned motif is carried over onto the walls where Lola has hung sepia-toned prints, both modern and honored ancients of her ancestors. Much of the idea came from the publicity campaign for *Butch Cassidy*, which used "created" 1908-style prints for publicity stills.

"I have no dream part... I think that would be a mistake. I like to leave myself loose and just react naturally to whatever hits me."

the same as being 30 miles from nowhere in sub-zero weather with only a leather jacket, a horse and a blanket. I see Johnson as every man, proving to himself that civilization has not left behind a race of soft, flabby creatures, unable to face the world—without inner strength. He has to prove to himself that he can live up to the ideals of Ulysses or the early explorers."

That may be true, but the film is also about Redford, even if he doesn't see it. For one thing, the Redfords live (half of the time) in their Utah residence, miles from the nearest neighbor. They also have a 2400-acre ski resort, Sundance, which they tend to as a year-round resort. The west is important to them, perhaps as a symbol of freedom and space—those things lost to Redford when California changed. Robert and Lola also find the wide open space excellent for the children, Shauna, 13; David, 11; Amy, 3. Redford thinks the city is a fine place for visiting and culture, but the

All of this, of course, makes Redford feel at ease and very insulated against the New York harshness that sometimes creeps up on people. Besides, when doing a film like *The Great Gatsby*, it's nice to be "in period" as much as possible.

"Not that I'm a Fitzgerald buff," Redford says, "I prefer satire and adventure. I chose the part of Jay Gatsby because it interested me. I think he's sort of a gangster in his own way, sort of like Sundance. I also like the opportunity to have large pieces of dialogue for a change. I've walked through too many of my films."

He's also ridden and skied through some. Any decision to do *Gatsby* might also be credited to the huge sum he is reported to have received for it. His fee for *Jeremiah Johnson* was reportedly \$500,000 plus a percentage. *Gatsby* will eventually net him almost a million. Much of that going into his resort in Utah, Sundance, and his causes like ecology, conserva-

tion and the plight of the American Indian.

"I consider the treatment of the Indians to be one of the world's greatest injustices," states Redford with a cold, somber tone to his voice. He spends much of his time trying to aid the cause.

"You've played cowboys, gangsters and athletes," I asked Redford, "is there any part you secretly covet?"

"Not really," he truthfully answers. "I played Johnny Hooker in *The Sting*. That was fun. He reminds me of the character I played in *Ice-man Cometh*. I really have no idea of what comes next. I don't plan it. I just like to do different things. I have



no dream part, if that's what you were hinting at. I think that would be a mistake. I like to leave myself loose and just react naturally to whatever hits me."

Robert Redford will next appear in *The Great Waldo Pepper*, shot for Universal. "It's a film about barnstorming," he says. "It's exciting and it's different. Those old World War One vintage planes are a far cry from horses and *Gatsby*'s Rolls Royce."

But, when promotion for the film is finished, Robert Redford will fade from the big city and steal away to his mountain retreat, his wife and children and be alone with the comfort and wilderness; the wide open spaces he loves. ■■

Shrapnel Pass

By Robert Raczky

The girls were shocked by the news. Voluptuous Vicky said, "You simple jerk! You deserve to sleep with a rifle every night. Come here, you fuzzy-headed, patriotic squirt. Let me show you what you're going to miss."

Bountiful Betty said, "I'm proud of you, Shorty. You'll make a good Marine. But before you go, let me do my part."

Sensuous Susan said, "I'll miss you very much. Please . . . just one more time before you go marching off into the bloody horizon."

Finally at 10 o'clock that evening, Shorty leaned against his classy sports car and placed a red checkmark after the name of Titillating Tess. Tess had also felt the urgent need to give him

a memorable going away present.

Though feeling exhausted, there was one more person to see. Clancy O'Toole owned and operated the Fix-It-In-A-Jiffy Auto Repair Shop where Shorty was vacating his position as chief mechanic.

Clancy said, in no uncertain terms, "Stupid nincompoop. You're the best damn mechanic in Buffalo, maybe the whole state. You got the world by the tail and you want to trade it in for fatigues. You got more willing broads than you know what to do with. Why are you doing this?"

Strange that Clancy of all people should ask such a probing question, Shorty thought. He said, "I'm bored."

Clancy accepted Shorty's reasoning. "So okay . . . you want to sell your wheels?"





"Sold, to my ex-employer."

Clancy's mood brightened. "And your little black phone book?"

Shorty laughed. "No disrespect, Clancy, but you're fat and bald. You wouldn't have a chance."

"With me behind the wheel of your sex machine, I'll be anything them broads want me to be."

Shorty's new employer sent him to Parris Island, South Carolina, for boot training. He huffed and puffed through nine unforgettable weeks of rigorous drills, counter-drills, and endless calisthenics all designed to give him the singular feeling that he belonged to the toughest and most fearless organization in the world.

After boot camp and a short leave, Shorty was sent to Camp Lejune, North Carolina. He was dumbfounded when he was told that the Corps had an overabundance of mechanics.

"We need a driver to chauffeur the Commanding General of the base. You're it," a burly top Sergeant told Shorty. "You got it made with plenty of time for yourself."

Shorty wasted no time. He souped-up the General's car in his spare time of which he had plenty. The General was unaware of the hot engine under the hood. When Shorty chauffeured him, he drove slow and with extreme caution. Off the base Shorty left rubber all over the Jacksonville streets. He managed to elude all the MP's and SP's who were foolish enough to give chase.

Shorty attracted a bevy of southern belles. The back seat of the car was in no way comparable to the plushness of his former car, but it did serve his purpose.

One day the General said, "It smells awful in here. Are those pigeon tracks on the roof upholstery?"

"Exactly, sir. One of those critters flew in the back window and left one hell of a mess."

All good things must come to an end, Shorty learned. The word came from the mouth of the General whom he'd served so faithfully.

"Son, you're going to Korea on the next troop-ship out. You can be useful over there. A nine-month tour of duty will be a breeze for you."

Shorty had some choice lingo for the General, but the man with the stars on his shoulders would win out anyway. He tore up his little black book and boarded a troop transport ship in

"We call it Shrapnel Pass. You drive it once a day . . . (under) artillery fire."

the company of 2,000 other disgruntled Marines.

Seventeen days later, he was shuffled over the side and onto a landing barge. The landing barge crept into Inchon Harbor under blackout conditions. When they reached shore, the 10th Replacement Draft was herded aboard a waiting train jokingly referred to as a Doodlebug. The front section of each car was equipped with a small potbelly stove, but there was no wood to burn so the Doodlebug chugged up and down the frozen Korean countryside while the Marines shivered and cursed their fate.

By early morning Shorty was standing, half-frozen, in front of battalion headquarters awaiting further orders. While the sharp wind whistled down upon him from surrounding hills and ridges, his alert eyes settled on a junk heap near the motor pool. Stacked under an assortment of jeeps and trucks — all victims of accurate enemy artillery fire — he saw the unmistakable grill of an Arnolt-Bristol. A thick layer of rust almost camouflaged the car from recognition.

A Sergeant popped out of the headquarters tent. "Jones, hop aboard that veehicle. It'll take you where you're suppose to go."

Shorty managed to get at least one leg planted on the bed of the truck before it roared away. The truck sped through narrow, winding roads full of pot holes. Twenty miles up the road it stopped alongside another tent near where six gun emplacements were positioned in a semi-circle. Shorty

figured the guns to be 105 Howitzers, though he wouldn't put money on his guess. Off in the far distance he heard the low rumble of mortar fire and the angry back-talk of small-arms fire.

The driver yelled at Shorty to disembark. He jumped off the tailgate, gathered his gear together and walked into the tent. A red-bearded Sergeant was sitting in front of a blazing potbelly stove. Shorty reported to him in true Marine Corps fashion.

The grizzly Sergeant didn't bother to look at Shorty. "I hope you're a cannoneer, Jones."

"I'm in transportation," Shorty replied proudly.

The Sergeant kicked the potbelly stove and used one of those graphic four-letter words common to front-line fighting men under stress.

A Corporal ducked in under the canvas flaps and hobbled up to the potbelly stove with the aid of crutches.

"Your replacement is here, Harverson," the Sergeant grumbled. "You got something to cheer about now."

Corporal Harverson's eyes narrowed on Shorty with outright contempt. "You must be fresh out of some stateside barracks where they probably told you that transportation in Korea is a cinch. The infantry does the up-front fighting, and the artillery supports them. Which leaves transportation sitting on their duffers. Well, it ain't so. At least not for the job you're going to get. You'll drive the hottest route in Korea. Young squirt like you can't last long. Maybe a week at most."

"Show him, Harverson," the Sergeant ordered as he edged up closer to the potbelly stove.

Shorty followed Harverson outside into the bitter cold. Harverson led him to a high ridge behind the battery area.

"See that narrow road leading into the battery area?" Harverson pointed.

"I came in on that road. What's so special about it?"

"We call it Shrapnel Pass. You drive it once a day on the mail run back to battalion headquarters. There's a gook forward observer out there ready to call in artillery fire when the mail jeep leaves our area. What better way to wreck morale? Three good men have had the run since I came. All three of them are laid up in a hospital in Japan. I'm lucky. At least I'm walking away."

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THE MORGAN

A History On Wheels



Photos with permission of Sam Noples, Jr., Meadeville, Pa.



As long as there's a man with imagination and a thirst for living, classic sports cars like the Morgan will remain on the scene. The sleek, road-hugging beauty "enjoys the blessing of pre-war design that has evolved rather than being created as a deliberate anachronism."

Morgan Motor Company offers its buyers a combination of a uniquely popular style, speeds of up to 140 m.p.h., and hand craftsmanship which puts a premium on quality rather than quantity. Presently, the company headed by Peter Morgan constructs fewer than 300 motorcars annually and



sets a goal of 750 units per year as its maximum expansion.

The assembly plant in Malvern Link, England, is only the second used by Morgan. The first was operative from 1909 until the early 1920s when the new low red-brick site was initiated by its inventive founder, H. F. S. "Harry" Morgan. Both plants have maintained the highest standards of any vehicle manufacturer.

Perhaps the best of all the car's features is the front suspension system which H.F.S. incorporated into his first vehicle and which is almost identical to that used on the Plus-8





today. This, in addition to many improvements over the years, has made the Morgan one of the most successful and sought-after cars in more than six decades of competition.

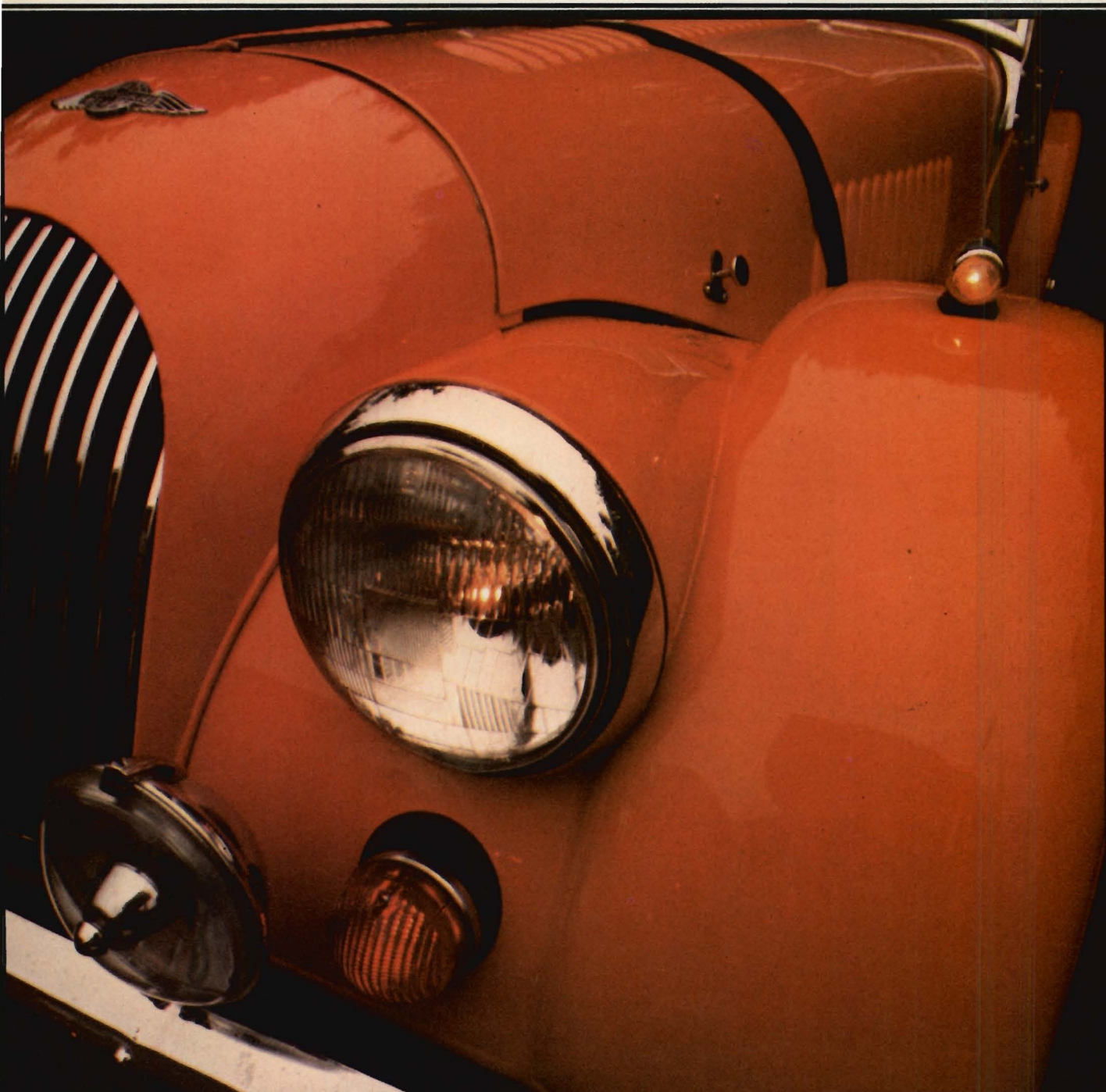
It wasn't until 1935 that Morgan produced anything other than a three-wheeled cyclecar. The change to four-wheel construction at that time was fortunate since three-wheeler sales dipped to 29 by 1939. But the newer models kept the name on the road.

Once billed as the "Film Star Car," the Morgan suffered an enforced three-year hiatus from the American market when it was found to not meet



the then-existing Federal regulations. It returned in 1969 with its most popular Plus-8, powered by a Rover V-8 engine—a monumental advancement from its original two-cylinder three-wheeler and even from the four-cylinder four-wheeler of the pre-ban period.

Present owners, necessarily limited by production numbers, are an individualistic group including Mick Jagger and Sheila Hancock, Sam Naples, Jean-Paul Belmondo and three leading French actresses Brigitte Bardot, Catherine Deneuve and Anna Carena. Most recently, King Hussein of Jordan



was the first of that country to import the status-steeped Morgan.

American ownership is one of the most enthusiastic in the world and before the ban was imposed, the U.S. accounted for nearly half of Morgan's total sales. At that time Peter Morgan decided to expand his market and never again depend so heavily on a single country for sales. Presently the sophisticated machine faces the same dilemma in Canada pending safety regulations. One main objection is that the weight of the Morgan, because of its wooden parts, is so much lighter than its main competitors. Despite



these setbacks, the Morgan's selling record is impressive and by 1971 it was selling in 16 countries as well as at home.

"Morgan, the answer to America's mass production problems, is a haven of craftsmanship and individuality. Real car enthusiasts seek to possess a Morgan because they love vintage cars with a pedigree of generations of successful competition cars behind them."

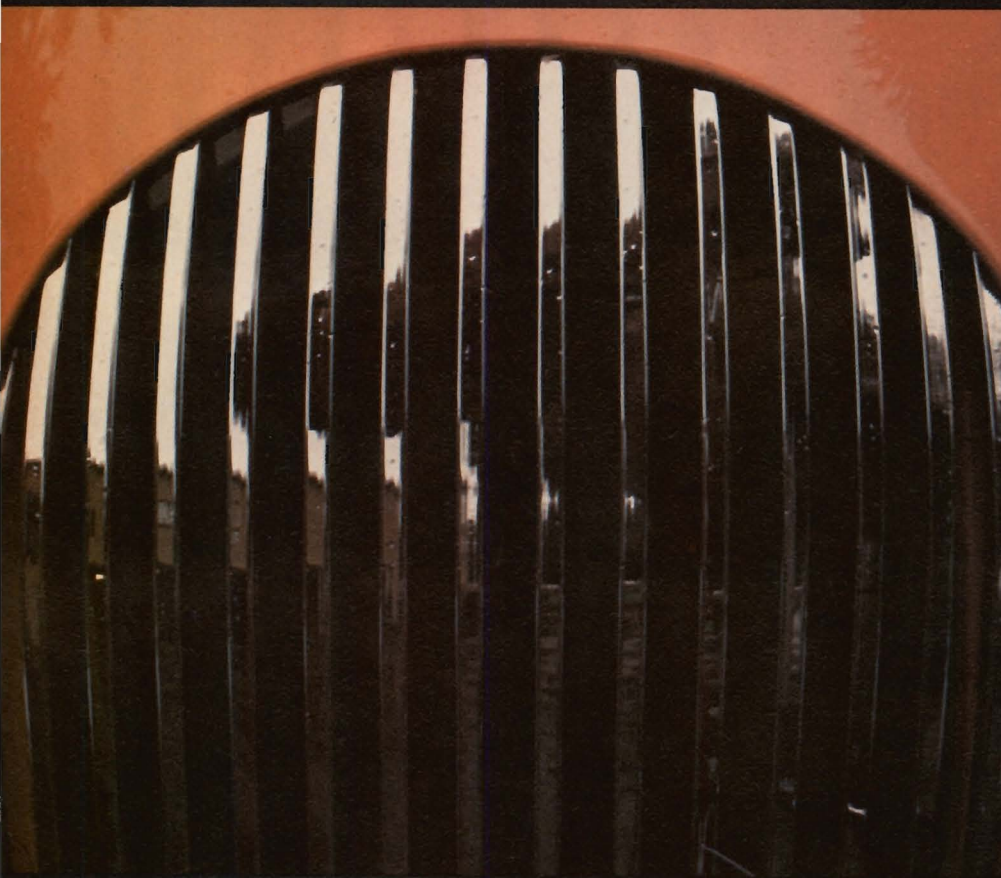
Wood is a major ingredient to the Morgan make-up. The wooden sub-frame is made chiefly from Belgian Ash, kiln-dried before arrival to ensure





its immediate availability for use: A damp course is glued to the steel frame so wood and metal of the chassis are not bolted directly together. The wood is also used for door-frames, each individually constructed to fit perfectly. Thin ash boards for the wheel arches are carefully chosen and hardened before being laminated.

From its chassis erection shop through other shops along the tedious construction process (body, wheels, sheet metal, paint, electrical and trim) each Morgan is loved into existence. On to the final testing and ultimate dispatch to a new owner, the car receives



handling unsurpassed anywhere in the world—and certainly not on the error-ridden assembly lines of Detroit.

Peter Morgan is not ignoring the possibility that his firm may one day produce an electric car. But, since the company has never produced its own engine, the possibility would depend heavily on someone else making available a power unit. And what happens when he retires from the family business? Well, his son Charles, grandson of H.F.S., is now in his twenties and appears to be the logical successor to keep the Morgan prominent on roads around the world.



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it was like no one else was really there. He felt like he was alone, in a person's apartment who didn't exist.

He glanced between her legs and thought of sex. *Oh, no*, he thought. *Alone with a female and I automatically go to the standard thing. Will she or won't she?*

"What do you want from me?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "I already have it all."

There seemed to be nothing he could take from her. Nothing happened to excite him or to sustain his interest. After a while he abruptly rose from her sofa and said, "I'm going home. I frankly don't know how to deal with a girl who says I'm 'the one' and then does nothing about it. I mean, I've been into this yoga and mysticism trip for several years, but there are still some things I don't know how to deal with. I'll have to think it over."

She laughed. "You're really funny," she said. "You know it's not going to do any good to think anything. You're aware that what's going on is behind all that."

It was after midnight when he arrived at his apartment in the Village. She was right, of course. Whatever had happened between them was behind all thoughts and there really wasn't anything to think about. There wasn't anything to do and there wasn't anything not to do. She hadn't demanded anything from him. She was only a manifestation of life who had made her presence known.

John worked for an advertising agency. He thought it was funny. He'd write ad copy as a joke, and they said it was good and they used it and paid him for it. Money comes, he thought. You just do what you do and money comes.

The following Wednesday he missed not going to hear Swami Karmananda. He had an extra long meditation in his apartment and a couple of times he thought of Sita.

Friday afternoon he decided he wanted to see her. He had experienced his first feeling of need, his first twang of desire where she was concerned. Sometimes, he thought, when something's offered to you, you don't see what it is at first. If it's too free, too easy, you don't value it as anything at all.

He didn't know Sita's last name, so

The Girl Who Knew

Finally, instead of getting into her head, he wondered if he could get into her body. "What if I desired you sexually?" he asked.

he had to go by her place when he got off work. She wasn't home.

He went out to eat and came back an hour later. This time she answered the door. "Oh, hello," she said, her eyes brightening. "I didn't expect to see you."

"I wanted to know what you were all about," he said, slipping inside her apartment. "You have any plans tonight?"

"No," she replied. "I try not to do anything anymore." She smiled at hearing what she said, then added, "I got so addicted to doing things that it got to where I wasn't happy unless I was constantly doing something. I'm trying to learn how to be happy doing nothing."

"You want any company while you're doing nothing?" he asked.

"Well, in your case, I don't think you're anyone else, anyway, so you can stay as long as you like. You can move in if you want, and I don't think it would disturb my pattern. I know who you are."

"And who am I?" John asked, curious to how she would phrase her answer.

"Well, me," she said. "Just a male me."

John sat on her sofa and contemplated how he liked that. For a long time he had tried very hard to not get caught up in the fetters of ego, but here was actually someone who wasn't going to relate to who he thought he was. Sita clearly saw him as a reflection of herself, and nothing he had to say was ever going to change that.

"I am me," he said after a while.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Man's actions are the picture book of his creeds.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Sita smiled. "Sure you are. I am me, too. But that doesn't prevent us from also being each other, does it?"

He knew she was right. After all these years he'd finally come upon someone who *knew*, and now he didn't know if he could accept it or not. His ego was greater than he had thought it was.

Then he thought, she knows intellectually, but does she *feel* it? Was she actually *conscious* of it, or was it only facts she had collected and agreed with?

"Do you love me?" he asked her.

"Of course I love you. How could I even recognize you without loving you?"

"But it's an impersonal love?"

When she looked into his eyes he got the feeling she was seeing everything without seeing anything. "I love you," she said, "because you are here, and yet if you weren't here I'd love that which you are. There's no way you can leave. Since you are me, there's no coming and going. Only the body walks in and out, and anybody could do that."

They talked more and John tried desperately to get into her head to see exactly the way she saw things. He knew that she knew, but he wasn't sure how much of her knowledge really belonged to her. It bothered him.

Finally, instead of getting into her head, he wondered if he could get into her body. "What if I desired you sexually?" he asked.

She smiled. "I would think it was no big deal. I mean, it doesn't really matter if we do or we don't. Maybe, if you persisted, I'd wonder why you thought it was necessary."

"We could work the energy back and forth between us," he told her.

"We could." She thought a minute. "About a year ago I was going with a guy who was into tantric a little and we thought we'd try it, like you said, but we couldn't do it. We kept getting caught up in our own models of the way we thought things were, making sexual projections of each other and all. I couldn't even stop my fantasies. Finally we had to give it up, because we were really blowing all our energy."

"If you really see me as a true reflection," John said, "then you shouldn't have much trouble now. If I can't do it, that's only where my own head's stuck."

"Wouldn't it be better to meditate? We could really get off just looking in each other's eyes, you know."

But John was persistent. It took some talking, but finally he got her to do it. In her bedroom, she took off her top and her breasts bounced freely. "I think the reason I'm doing this," she said, "is because I was always attached to sex as a big deal to do or a big deal not to do. I don't want to think it's something I have to do or not do anymore. There's freedom in detachment."

When her naked body finally lay sprawled on the bed, John was vaguely aware of feeling like he had actually accomplished something. Here was a girl who was actively following the spiritual path, who *knew* about the Oneness and recognized it, and he had still gotten her to have sex with him. He knew it wasn't *really* an accomplishment, but his ego liked for him to think it was.

John knew sex was a technique many people used to achieve union. Some didn't consciously know, of course, that sex was their method of uniting with the All and that orgasm was a means of temporarily blotting out ego. John was going to try to do it consciously, although he wondered if

John appreciated her feminine warmth. He held her and slipped his hands intimately between her legs.

he could since he *wanted* to so much. Sex, to him, was still very much something to be done.

Sita let herself go. At least, she let her *body* go. She squirmed and wriggled in what John would have once referred to as unrestrained passion, only now he didn't know how to view it since he knew that somewhere behind all the fancy bodywork she was simply watching it happen, observing the sex like one would a dance, looking on with utter detachment, enjoying it without identifying with the enjoyer.

John, meanwhile, couldn't keep from being the person having sex and he projected in Sita someone to *make* it with. For a while there was too much

male and female, a sensuous duality instead of the conscious oneness he had aimed for. Even in orgasm he wouldn't let go of his idea of who she was.

"Fantastic!" Sita sighed afterwards. "I'm really glad I let you talk me into that. I didn't know I could do it, but I did! There literally wasn't anyone else here! There was just an energy transmission!"

When she talked, it was like she wasn't trying to impress him or to make a point. She was merely expressing thoughts.

"I wasn't quite so successful," John admitted.

"Don't say that," she said. "You just weren't conscious of the success. Look, I know who you are. If it makes you feel any better, it doesn't matter whether *you* remember who you are or not."

It didn't make him feel any better, though. He ended up spending the night with her and trying to understand where she was at. He wanted very badly to *see* how she saw *him*, but by the next morning he knew he still hadn't fathomed her.

They cuddled in bed when they woke up. Sita was extremely affectionate, and stroked him tenderly. "Isn't it far out?" she whispered as she ran her fingers up his chest. "I mean, the thought that you and I are exactly the same thing. That everyone out there is exactly the same thing as we are, and have been all this time. What a fantastic joke it's been, thinking we were all so different. What a fantastic joke Life has played on itself!"

John appreciated her feminine warmth. He held her and slipped his hands intimately between her legs, causing her to gurgle in her throat. "You're trying to turn on my physical juices again," she said. "I'm afraid it would be an energy loss if we had sex now. Let's meditate instead."

They did some stretching exercises — elementary yoga — and then assumed the lotus for meditation. John had trouble concentrating. He was too conscious of Sita's presence, still too aware of someone *else*.

An hour later she cooked breakfast for both of them. She said John could stick around all day, or even all week-end if he wanted to, but he left soon after breakfast. There was something



"Don't bother with him . . . I hear his rape case was settled in the small claims court."

about being in her presence that his ego couldn't take. He just couldn't give up his idea of himself.

He returned the following Friday night with a companion. A young woman in her mid-twenties who wore a short, tight skirt and plenty of thick make-up. "Terri's going to go to bed with us," John announced. "I thought we'd have a threesome."

Sita was unusually quiet. For a while she couldn't relate well to John or Terri either one. John watched her closely, seeing how she would take it. She seemed to be going through an ego crisis of her own now. She closed her eyes a lot, seeming to go deep within. She almost looked in pain.

"Terri's a prostitute," John said.

Sita opened her eyes, shuddered, and the pain seemed to vanish as she smiled and looked deeply into Terri's eyes. "I always wondered what it would be like if I were a prostitute," she said.

"So then why don't you be one?" Terri asked.

"I am," Sita told her. "I am plenty of prostitutes all over the world. Look at what a grand prostitute I make in you." She glanced at her own body. "There's no sense in being a prostitute with this body," she said. "This body is more in the need of meditation. *Someone's* got to meditate."

"Are we all going to bed or aren't we?" John wanted to know.

Sita was hesitant about it, but she finally gave in. "I don't see any point in it, though," she said. "If it were up to me, we'd all meditate together."

"You can meditate anytime," John told her. "But we need to get detached from sex, remember?" He needed very badly to know if she could include Terri in her concept of oneness, and after her initial reaction she seemed to be doing quite well. In bed, though, she was quiet, and she kept her eyes closed the whole time. John knew she was deep in meditation.

Later, getting dressed, Terri said, "If you ask me, you two are a little weird. I'll be damned if I know why you wanted me here in the first place."

"It's all part of expanding consciousness," John told her, handing her some money. "You'll understand someday, some incarnation or another."

"Christ!" Terri took the money and was gone, taking her frilly hair, her

"Sita, I just want it to be you and me. I want to be alone with you. I'll even live with you."

perfume and her tough voice.

Sita sat on the floor in her cross-legged position. She stared at the floor. "Sometimes it's hard to believe what I'll do," she said. "I'm trying so hard to do nothing and then you come along and put me through all of this."

"Must be your karma," John told her.

She continued staring at the floor. Finally she said, in a voice so low, "Thanks for freeing me of all this, John. Thanks for helping me burn it all out."

John didn't stay over that night. Somehow he felt his own impurities too strongly. He went home where he could meditate if he wanted to, but not if he didn't want to.

He wanted to forget her, but he couldn't. He went out with other women, but they seemed empty in comparison to Sita. Finally, after over a month, he went back. She wasn't alone.

A man in his late twenties sat in the middle of the floor as Sita let John in. She seemed happy to see him, though not overjoyed. "Who's that?" John immediately wanted to know.

Sita's eyes were all lit up. "That's Ron, John. This is John, Ron." The man smiled and nodded. He had a full beard and long hair that fell below his shoulders. His eyes were steady.

Sita turned to John. "He's one of us," she whispered excitedly. "He's not anyone else. He's just another you and me."

John felt a peculiar knot in his stomach. He didn't want the other man to be there. He said, to his own surprise, "Sita, I just want it to be you and me. I want to be alone with you. I'll even live with you."

Sita's eyes were bright as she listened and she seemed to like what she heard, but she said, "Ron's not anyone *else*, John. There's no one

else here, don't you understand? We *are* alone. There's just another body on the floor, expressing the same life that's within us. He's just like Terri, only he meditates instead."

John looked at Ron. His intellect knew there wasn't really anyone else there, that it was only another manifestation, but his ego couldn't take it. "Is he going to stay?" he asked Sita.

She shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't asked. Only he knows if he has anywhere else he thinks he has to go."

John took her by the shoulders and looked her in the eyes. "Is he the same to you as me?" he demanded.


Her eyes were soft brown pools, so immensely unthreatening. "We're all the same, John. It's all the same thing, happening over and over and over. I don't care who I am or which one of us is me. Do you?"

He was glad to get away. He walked down 34th Street and the brisk night air felt good as it whipped against his cheeks. He glanced into closed stores as he walked along and now and then he caught a reflection of himself in a window. Then someone passed him and John watched the person go by. Then he looked at his reflection again, and then someone else passed him and he watched that person. It finally got to the point where he wasn't sure which were the reflections and which were the others.

He walked into a pizza parlor and ordered himself a beer. He hadn't had a beer in what seemed like ages. He sat and drank it and looked around at the other people. They were having a good time with their laughter and loud talk. John couldn't get into it, but he knew he could love them if he'd only let himself.

He saw a girl sitting alone and for an instant their eyes caught and held. She looked quickly away, but during that brief moment John was aware of an inner response. He had seen something eternally familiar in that girl. The reflection.

He walked over and sat in a chair next to her, and she glanced up at him almost a little suspiciously. She doesn't know, he thought. Then he said, "When I just saw you I realized that you're the one. I've been looking for you a very long time."

The girl's face clouded and John felt better than he'd felt in a very long time. It was so much easier when he was the one who knew. 

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Thanks for your help. Now simply mail this information to us so that we may plan future issues of **HUSTLER** for your pleasure and taste. And if you have any further comments, send us a letter. We'd be glad to hear from you.

HUSTLER PORN REVIEW



Hustler Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-rated flicks flooding the market today. Those which are and are not worthwhile and why. Our star rating system is based on quality for your money, so you can refer to it in good faith. All movies listed can be seen at your local adult movie house.

RATING GUIDE

- ★ — Not suggested; not at all worthwhile.
- ★★ — Reliable; a few redeeming qualities.
- ★★★ — Suggested; guaranteed to tease or please.
- ★★★★ — Highly suggested; the best in all respects.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR and THE RESURRECTION OF EVE (★★★★)

Both are Mitchell Brothers specials and probably their best. Starring the Ivory Soap kid herself, Marilyn Chambers, you won't be disappointed by her ability and charm or the sexciting scenes.

DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (★)

In their original state, both of these movies were excellent, however, after being submitted to the censor's scissors, they have lost all sex action and are straight soft core. The best scenes are lying on the censor's floor.

COME FLY WITH US (★★★)

A good solid turn-on flick, what is missed in the way of plot and script is more than made up for in the explicitness of the sex scenes (one in particular of a young lovely giving head amongst the horses in a stable.) A certain amount of style can be derived from the photography and the cast consists of many new and interesting young bodies which makes it a most erotic film.

FANTASY GIRLS (★★)

A rather disappointing film from the cameras of Alex deRenzy, it leaves much to be desired despite its hard-core activity. The plot barely survives the male fantasies acted out by five "actresses" in a massage parlor with dialogue, unfortunately, to match. You'll probably leave here with an empty feeling — \$3.50 to \$5.00 worth.

TEENAGE FANTASIES (★★★)

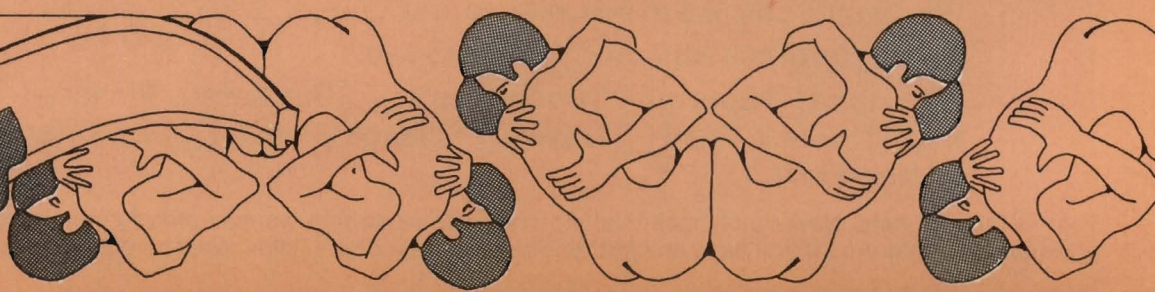
Another porno classic, this is a statement on the females of the "Now Generation." A 1972 release, it is far from out of date and is filled with fine hard-core activity.

BORDELLO (★★★)

A very well done European sex comedy, the entire film contains no more than eight minutes of hard-core action. Obviously, it does not rely on this coverage but instead offers excellent direction, scripting and storyline along with a couple unique sight gags.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF XAVIERA HOLLANDER (★★★)

"Suck, suck, suck the world is built on suck, suck, sucking, fucking!" goes the dialogue in the newly released X-rated *Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander*. The scene is set in a bridal chapel where, close to the end of the movie, Xaviera, (played by former Playboy bunny Samantha McLearn) in a prim white dress and veil with black boots and stockings, marries the man (super stud John Holmes) who has patiently listened and jerked off to the story of her life as it is retold in flashback form during the film. The above line of dialogue is part of their marriage ceremony which is presided over by an eager priest who understands that he soon will be yet another recipient of Xaviera's affections. By the end of the scene they are engaged in a threesome and grind happily ever after. This is but one tableau in a film of many, all loosely held together by the quest for love and independence on the part of Xaviera. However, the plot is so fictionalized that it is a case of Xaviera's name alone being used to pump up the appeal of an otherwise inadequate film. Never has there been so many bored and flaccid actors or so much feminine clumsiness in one film. So much sex in the film was obviously simulated and very lacking in robust sexuality with no thematic reason why a hard-core movie should suddenly turn soft-core.





NOT JUST ANOTHER WOMAN (★★)

Not even the deluxe props — helicopters and yachts — in this film can save it. The production and the direction are very amateurish, with the camera too quickly flashing from one fuck scene to another. The plot is primarily based on the wife of an oversexed playboy seducing various women to satiate his desires, but it leaves much to be desired.

MEMORIES WITHIN MISS AGGIE (★★★★)

An excellent Jerry Damiano interpretation of the best aspects of both art film techniques and the porno field genre. A very heavy turn-on flick, the plot is about an old woman, Deborah Ashire, attempting to remember her past and in doing so, consistently lapses into fantasy. This is Damiano's best and one of the finer flics in the porno field.

ADAM & YVES (★)

If homosexual analingus and buggery are your bag, this is for you. There is plenty of ass activity to last you for quite a while, however, not much else in the way of story or talent. Other than the sex sequences, there is very little redeeming quality in this amateurish and rather boring film.

TEENAGE STEPMOTHER (★★)

This is a somewhat humorous, somewhat sensual and somewhat boring conglomeration. The beautiful and shapely Lynn Stevens is a definite plus along with a few entertaining and funny sequences, however, nothing else makes this film exciting. The sex scenes are cum-filled and should keep your attention for awhile anyway.



FLESH GORDON (★★★)

If you glance up into the sky some starry night and catch a fleeting glimpse of a very phallic-looking gold spaceship speeding by, don't panic into calling the Air Force or sending out an SOS for a Freudian psychiatrist. For it's only *Flesh Gordon* out to save the world from the perverted Emperor Wang, sexually demented ruler of the planet Porno and chief Assholean.

Not to be confused with the popular movie serial of the 1930's, *Flesh Gordon* is an updated take-off of the science fiction classic and is definitely X-rated.

Accompanied by Dr. Jerkoff (Joseph Hudgins) and the pretty Dale Ardon (Suzanne Fields), *Flesh* (Jason Williams) travels to Porno in order to destroy the sex beam, a machine which has been bombarding earth with sexual energies responsible for throwing the inhabitants into a state of carnal chaos.

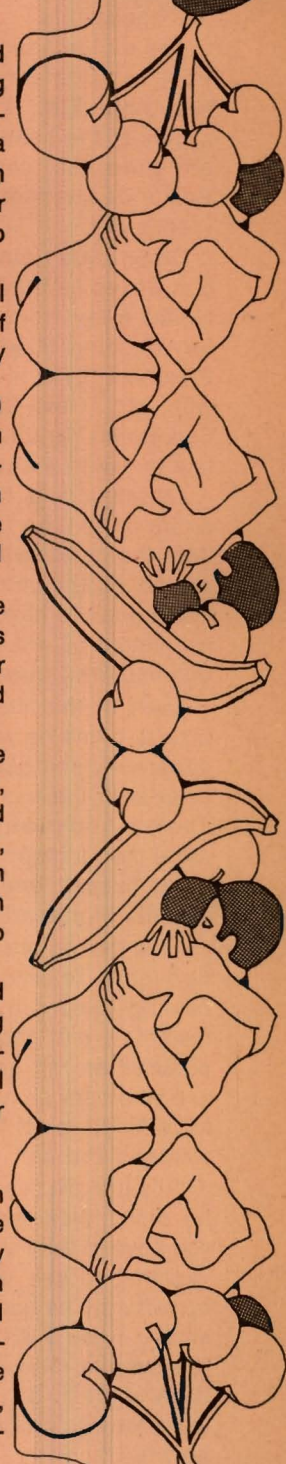
Landing upon this distant world, the three are at once attacked by a strange race of creatures known as Penisacoras. Taken into tow shortly after by Emperor Wang, the space voyagers are slated to meet quick and certain doom.

In an aerial fight finish, reminiscent of the battle with King Kong atop the Empire State Building, Dale is saved and both monster, who has grabbed her in his giant claws, and sex beam are destroyed, leaving Prince Precious and his Gay Young Men in charge of the kingdom. Needless to say the earth also survives and mankind is free once again to live in peace and harmony.

Flesh Gordon is a movie that will amuse and titillate. The animation scenes are fantastic, making monsters and spaceships appear almost real. Unlike other X-rated films this screen epic has a well developed plot and acting which ranges from fair to good. Zap!

SCORE (★★★)

The film version of an off-Broadway play which ran a few seasons ago, this Radley Metzger movie deals mainly with bi-sexuality. The plot basically involves an older swinging couple's attempt in seducing a newlywed couple for a homosexual encounter. One unique visual scene in the uncensored version is of two men making love. From the plotting and directing to the scripting and acting, this film is well done and is much more sophisticated than some others you might see.



continued from page 67

came out right here. He was sitting with his hands on his knees and the bullet came out and went into his wrist and into his knee. The other one hit the President right in the back of the head. So no one can tell you that he was shot from the front. It's just impossible . . .," Greer says.

The motorcade rounded the corner from Houston Street in a sharp left turn onto Elm. There were motorcycles at the head of the procession, an unmarked car from the Dallas Police Department pool and the President's car.

Other cars joined the lineup on Elm Street as the President's vehicle pulled away from the Book Depository Building, 50 yards, 75 yards. Vice President Lyndon Johnson and his wife, Maj. Gen. Chester Clifton, and Sen. Ralph Yarborough were lining up like ducks in a shooting gallery.

Oswald could have wiped out the entire party if he had shot Greer first. With the Presidential car wrecked or stalled in the middle of the street, Oswald could have picked the others off almost at will. But he didn't. The gunman fired three shots and ran.

Even at this stage of the twisted, bizarre game he was playing, Oswald apparently still believed he might get away with the murder of the century. Thus, a book clerk hired just a little more than a month earlier at \$1.25 an hour, missed one more opportunity in a life of missed opportunities.

"I've looked at some pictures taken through a telescope of when I was coming toward the building. I went toward it and then turned left. The pictures are so good that you could see whether I shaved or not. He could have killed me if he'd wanted to and wrecked the car.

"It's just that you often wonder that he didn't pick me off first. Perhaps you have to take a lot of good pictures like that to see what kind of a real opportunity he had. But he was pretty smart. If he'd shot as I was going toward him, he would have probably been spotted. So he waited until we were going away from him before he fired."

Greer wears his brown, sun-streaked hair stylishly long since he retired during the last days of the Johnson administration. His hands are fast, almost unbelievably quick. In conversation, his hand comes out of his jacket pocket, a long slender

Presidential Assignment

**"He died immediately.
The whole top of his
head was blown off."**

finger makes a point, and the hand is gone again almost too quickly to be seen.

In over ten years since the President was slain, stories have circulated that President Kennedy did not die in Dallas; that he was taken to some South American country and another body substituted; that he is being kept alive by machines in some remote hospital; or he is a living vegetable hidden away in the Greek Islands.

"I never left the man from that morning when he came out of the hotel. I don't believe I ever left or was away from him until the next morning after they had done an autopsy on him. We put him in a casket and brought him back to the White House. He died immediately. The whole top of his head was blown off. I saw it all and I looked at the X-Rays. I stayed there during the whole autopsy."

Greer won't comment on a theory that the assassination was part of a conspiracy. But he knocks down the idea that the car was caught in a crossfire from two directions. All the shots, he says, came from the Book Depository Building.

"About the conspiracy . . . I really couldn't say. To be perfectly honest, I know the direction from where the shots came but I don't believe in the theory that there were all those people shooting at him. That I don't believe."

After the President died, the most dramatic home movie ever filmed showed the first lady climbing out of the car and across the trunk deck as it picked up speed. If he had known it, Greer might have been tempted to slam on the brakes. But he didn't.

"I didn't have any idea that she was out of the car until I saw the pictures," Greer says today.

In looking back, Greer feels that

the service did the best it could to protect the Chief Executive.

"You are limited to a certain extent because the President rides, say in New York City, in an open car while standing up. With all those windows and everything, you just can't have a man in every window. You can't shut down New York, and they want the people in the streets. When the President campaigns, that's probably the most dangerous part. They want the people on the streets and he wants to shake hands with them. You can only do so much as far as security is concerned.

"You go into a city where, if there is any contact with the people who are against the President, then you know that much and you look into these people. But that's the best you can do."

We asked him the \$64 question; did the Secret Service have anything on Oswald before the Dallas trip?

"Not to my knowledge. Naturally there was an advance . . . agents were in Dallas and they went through all the files, I imagine, that they could find. Apparently our office was not notified that such a person existed in Dallas."

Greer served in the U.S. Navy during World War II and was assigned for a time as an aid to the Naval Aides Office at the White House. While he was in the service he applied for a job with the Secret Service. After the war, he was hired. "That's the way the fates work for you sometimes," he recalls today.

"If you were scared, you wouldn't be there. You have to give up that theory right away. You are not afraid. You are just going to do the best you can. After you've spent a few years at it I could almost tell you, when you are riding through a street, if a person is going to try to run out and shake hands with the President. I can sense some movement. I think it's just a matter of doing so much over the years that you can tell when someone is going to run out.

"A lot of people mean well but . . . with a car going by at a very slow speed containing the President, sometimes they just want to run out and shake hands with him. They don't mean any harm. But then again, you never know what that person may have on his mind."

Greer has traveled in most of the world. He has been in every state in the union at least ten or twelve times. Among his special souvenirs are several paintings done by President Eisenhower, autographed pictures from Presidents Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, Christmas cards from each of the Presidents, a watch sent him by Premier Khrushchev, and a pen and pencil set from Queen Elizabeth.

Not everyone was satisfied with the findings of the Warren Commission investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy. Greer is one of them.

"I think the Warren Commission did a good job considering the way it was set up; most of the lawyers that were doing the investigation were part-time people. Also I don't think the Commission should have been closed for several years. It should have been continued. It's my opinion that it was purposely closed before elections."

One finding of the Commission that Greer disagrees with is the number of shots fired and which hit who and where. Greer feels that the shot that

"I think the Warren Commission did a good job considering the way it was set up . . ."

hit President Kennedy in the shoulder was lodged there until doctors began to give the President a closed chest heart massage at the hospital. The President was lying on his back and the force, Greer feels, caused the slug to fall backward out of the entrance wound.

If this is true, then this accounts for a slug that was later found on the stretcher after the President's body was moved. The bullet has never been explained.

The Warren Commission says that the shoulder shot made an exit wound through the President's throat, a hole

that was later wiped out by surgery, and that this slug is the one that struck Governor Connally.

Not so, says Greer, who says the angle of the shot that hit the Governor makes this impossible. Connally was hit by a second, independent shot which was later recovered.

The third shot splintered as it hit the back of the President's head and part of that slug hit the windshield.

Greer discussed these points in later conversations with former Governor Connally, who agreed with the assessment.

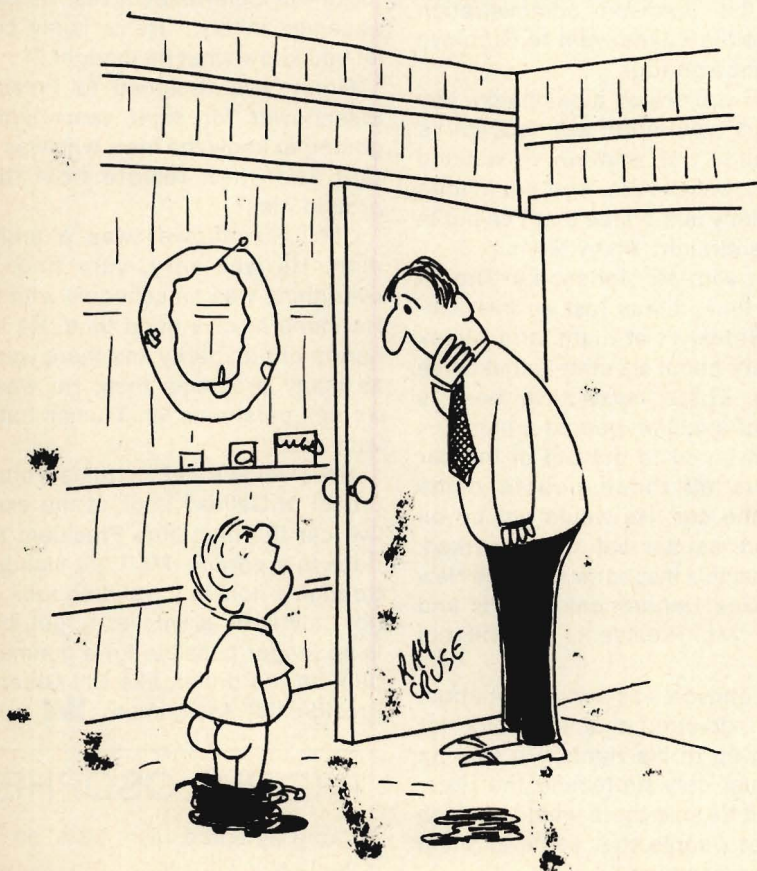
"I think I was a little closer to President Kennedy than I was to the rest of them, or maybe I got more personal with him. He liked to go to New York a lot and he really enjoyed going to the theater.

"One night we were bringing him from a show on Times Square and he'd always get the morning papers the night before. He was the greatest newspaper reader I ever saw in my life. We could leave Times Square and he'd be all through reading two or three newspapers by the time we got to the hotel. The next morning he would say to a reporter or anyone, 'that was a good article,' and comment on it specifically.

"One night we were at the theater and we hadn't gotten the papers. He was new to us and we didn't know his habits. We had to stop at a newsstand and the agent in charge that was with me had to run in the building while we waited in the car. While we were sitting there, the President said, 'Bill, where are you from?' And I said 'I'm from Maryland.' He was a very witty fellow, you know, and he said 'I didn't mean where do you live. Where were you born?' I told him I was born in Ireland. He kind of smiled and said 'I thought so,' you know, like that. Maybe that was a little connection between the two of us. I don't know."

Greer will talk for days about President Kennedy. But ask him about the former First Lady and he becomes cold and distant. Part of the problem is a book by William Manchester of the Kennedy years and the assassination that paints a touching hospital scene of the First Lady at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, her pink dress stained with blood, being embraced by Greer.

The scene never happened, according to Greer, who says in the firmest



"If it'll make me go blind — can I keep doing it til I start wearing glasses?"

possible terms that, while the agents talked with the First Lady during the ordeal, he did not put his arms around her then or at any other time. "We weren't in the habit of putting our arms around the First Lady. It is just something that isn't done."

When the President travels abroad, he usually takes as many as four cars with him. But in two countries, the American made cars are not always welcome, according to Greer, who said in England the local officials want the President to ride in a Rolls Royce and in France they want him to ride in a car made in that country.

Manchester also hinted in his book that a younger man at the wheel of the President's car in Dallas might have reacted faster and gotten the car to the underpass before the fatal third shot. Greer says a less experienced man might have done any number of other things, including hitting the panic button.

"You don't just get in the President's car and drive it, believe me you don't. I spent a lot of time driving the car behind the President's car before I ever drove the President, other than occasionally. It's kind of beat into you over the years and you learn all those things you've got to know.

"There is always a Secret Service car behind the President no matter where he goes. I'd either drive that or the President's car. It so happened that day in Dallas I was assigned to drive the President."

But it was President Johnson rather than Kennedy that apparently made the most lasting impression on Greer ... from the standpoint of a Secret Service agent.

"Mr. Johnson was just about the toughest man there was to protect of anybody I've ever been with. President Kennedy would stop, maybe, but he never got out of the car. He'd let people come over and shake hands, or maybe go over to a group and shake hands and come right back. But you never knew what Mr. Johnson would do. He'd just jump out ... he'd holler 'stop the car, stop the car,' and he'd just run out into the people.

"In fact, on his inauguration ride in 1964 I was driving him, and we were coming up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington when he saw a band from Austin, Texas and he just jumped out and went over and started shaking hands with them on the street there.

"We weren't in the habit of putting our arms around the First Lady."

These are the things he would do to you. He was horrible to protect. But in a way, I guess that was the best protection he could have because you never knew what he was going to do next."

Today, Greer lives in Waynesville, N.C., high in the Western North Carolina mountains in a rented house overlooking the Waynesville Country Club golf course. Widowed several years ago, Greer recently remarried and he and his wife are building a home a short distance away.

Probably one of the worst moments of his career in the White House came during the Johnson administration when the big Texan went to Brooklyn on a campaign tour.

"When you are on a campaign, you go hungry, you're not well fed, you're cold, you're hot, and you're walking with God, believe me. You put in long hours. Many is the time that I've put in 20 hours straight. Many times.

"I was with Mr. Johnson in Brooklyn one time, it was just an intersection in Brooklyn, at night, and I think there were about six streets that came together. There must have been a quarter of a million people around us and he wanted to get out of the car and have all those people come around the car. He would get up on the hood as we sat there parked. There was this inspector from the New York Police Department with us and he said 'Mr. President, we will not do it.'

"Mr. Johnson was very upset about it. But, I admired that inspector for standing up to his rights. He said he wasn't just only protecting the President, but he said there would be such a rush of people that some of them would be trampled."

President Truman was famous for his early morning walks around the

streets of Washington until the attempt on his life at the Blair House in 1950 and the public believed that the walks were halted in the interest of safety. They weren't. The Secret Service just found another location for the Presidential strolls.


"Mr. Truman was very easy to protect after the attempt on his life. He would walk at six o'clock in the morning around the streets of Washington ... but after the attempt we took him down to a place in Washington that is like a park, surrounded by water on three sides. We would have the park police close the point so that there would be nobody down there other than the police. We'd close off all the exits and he'd walk a mile exactly. We'd ride down in the car, he'd walk a mile, get back in the car and ride back."

Truman was probably guarded more closely than any President in modern times after the attempt on his life. When he went swimming at the beach, Greer or one of the other agents often went right into the water with him.

The agents liked Truman but his language was among the more colorful of the Chief Executives. As Greer observes mildly, "He certainly could let you know what he thought."

Greer was assigned to President Eisenhower for eight years without getting to know the man, who was distant and often remote from those around him.

"Mr. Eisenhower was a military man. He was very, very fine. But everything was on schedule with him. He came in at a good time. He hit a period of prosperity and there weren't as many problems then. He was as warm a person as Mr. Truman but not with us."

Have we learned anything from the ordeal of Dallas? Look at the executive car the next time President Ford rides in a parade. Mr. Ford stands up through a hole in the sliding roof. And not only is he a smaller target, but it is no longer possible for a gunman to pick off the driver, like Bill Greer, on Presidential Assignment. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

So long as enthusiasm lasts, so long is youth still with us.

David Starr Jordan

Continued from page 26

Frank Grayson who owned the Sho-Bar and the 500 and four other clubs in New Orleans. He gave me a contract that offered \$1,000 a week for six weeks. It was top pay. There were only two other gals making more than me. That was Lily Christine and Lily St. Cyr. So I went to New Orleans from Miami in January, 1959.

HUSTLER: What was the reception you got there?

STARR: I got arrested the first night. Frankly, looking back, I probably just got busted to spite Rizzo. I wanted him to know I could make the papers anywhere I went. In court they told the judge I was doing an indecent show, even though I kept on my pasties, bra and panties. He was briefed on how I crawled all over my red velvet couch, screaming and carrying on. The first week at the Sho-Bar I met Earl Long — he was the Governor of Louisiana — and he got me a full pardon. He even made them take the arrest off my record, and made certain I didn't have to appear in court.

HUSTLER: How did you meet Earl?

STARR: It was nothing for him to come into a club and sit all night. He knew all the girls. Keep in mind that this was really burlesque. We had the comics, the whole bit. For relief, they even had black acts. This one guy did pantomime — Willy — you'd be so delighted with the way he worked that you'd throw Willy money. And you'd get Mama, the old black lady who was 92. She would get up and sing "When The Saints Go Marching In." The audience would throw her money too; that's how they made their living. It was wonderful. Just like working a legitimate theater. It was a thrill to go up there on stage.

HUSTLER: Are you the reason that Earl Long's family tried to have him committed?

STARR: Definitely, without a shadow of a doubt. I met him and I started seeing him immediately, but nobody knew it.

HUSTLER: What kind of relationship did the two of you have?

STARR: We'd do silly things like young lovers do. You know, go on rides and go on picnics. We'd like to get away from all pressures and sit out in the bayou and get lost for a while. We'd just sit there and talk. Earl knew in his mind that he was going to die

soon. He knew he was very ill. He had a bad heart and he had a respiratory problem in his lungs. I guess he figured he was sort of reliving his childhood with me. He used to talk a lot about his mother and his two elderly sisters and his childhood and so on. We had a great time, and then Miss Blanche found out. . . .

HUSTLER: Miss Blanche was, I take it, his wife?

STARR: See, he wasn't sleeping with her. He lived in the mansion, but she lived in one end and he lived in the other. Since Earl was the Governor, he realized they had to make it look good. So he started having a good time with me and he got attached to me. We didn't have sex very often. The man was 62. Like once a month was a miracle. I wasn't dating anybody. I just broke up with my husband.

HUSTLER: You had been married all this time?

STARR: Yeah, I was with my husband 10 years, but he was Catholic. He had divorced his wife for me, and got excommunicated from the church. So I hung in there for the sake of his family, although we were separated half of the time we were married, even while I was working in Philly. So, after Miss Blanche had found out, she just started demanding Earl not to see me anymore. She told him his career would be ruined. In response, he just told her that he wouldn't come around to the house anymore. We lived at a motel, and once these two guys came over and she was with them. They had this big cross-tie from the big square tire you buy at a lumber yard. Right through the door it came. My sister had a room, I had a room and Earl had a room. Miss Blanche never knocked on the door, she went right through. I was in the middle room sewing and Earl was in one of the other rooms taking a nap. He got real hysterical, grabbed his heart and was gasping for breath. Then he went outside, screaming, dressed only in his shorts, which looked terrible in her eyes. Here he was dressed in his underwear, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his lungs.

And then things got real bad. Somebody told the newspapers and his opponents started up that Earl was crazy. They followed me and would watch me. Earl didn't seem to care. He even got us an apartment where we really would have running room.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



You could travel in the halls and hide anywhere. His opponents were out to crucify him but he wasn't going to change for them, Miss Blanche or *nobody*. Suddenly, one day, he started getting terribly ill, to the point that he would double up in pain and perspire and cry. He told me, "Blaze, I think those bastards are trying to kill me." And he would vomit blood. One day, he got so bad that me and Polly, this barmaid at the Sho-Bar, took him to the hospital, out near the airport — he didn't want to go. There, they pumped his stomach and found all kinds of barbiturates in him.

HUSTLER: Somebody was actually trying to poison him?

STARR: They had someone putting something in his coke, because that's the only thing he would drink. He didn't believe in booze, even though the papers said he used to drink a lot.

HUSTLER: Could his drinks have been spiked by somebody in the Sho-Bar?

STARR: No, no, he didn't drink anything in the bar; he didn't even drink coke there. At the mansion he was getting it, because every time he went back, he would get deathly sick. So it had to be someone close to him. It's like Watergate or like all the assassinations. You want something done, you can do it. It got to the point where he didn't know what to do or who to trust. He refused to eat. After he quit eating at the mansion, he got a whole lot better. He even held a meeting with DeGaulle while the French leader was in town. One day Earl had a lot of

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



business to do so he had to go back home. He had only been there a few hours when he called hysterically, saying he couldn't remember anything. It was probably LSD, but then nobody had heard of it. He really threw a fit and started breaking things. Of course, it was well planned. He got so sick, they came and put him in a white coat. I was told later that he looked up and everybody was there but me. He started screaming, "Where's Blaze, I want to see Blaze!" He didn't trust his own doctor, who, it was rumored, had been dating Miss Blanche for two years. He told me later they said, "You won't leave her" — meaning me — "so we're going to put you where you belong, and Russell" — his brother — "is going to run for Governor, and we're going to control the entire state."

HUSTLER: Did they lock him up?

STARR: You bet they did. The Long family controlled Louisiana for many years. So they put him in the nut-house. He was really physically ill from all the shit they were giving him — pardon my language. He got worse and worse because his system was really run-down. They put him in right with the nuts. One guy pushed Earl up against the wall and started pointing his fingers. Earl cried, "You can't do that to me, I'm Earl K. Long, the Governor of this state." And he — the other man — said, "Well, I'm Eisenhower!" With that, Earl sat down and realized he had to get out.

HUSTLER: What did he do?

STARR: He bribed some guards to let him call me at the Sho-Bar. He told them, "I got to call my lady-friend." They knew Earl was phoning me. He gave me people to contact and they pulled the strings to get him out. When he got out he fired the doctor, he fired everybody. He fired the lawyers, he filed for a legal separation and announced to the world that he was going to marry me. One night Earl called an audience at the Sho-Bar and gave me this giant diamond — a great big one. It cost him around \$9,000. I accepted his proposal of marriage and then all hell broke loose. The papers strung him up; everybody crucified him. Earl knew he couldn't even run for dog-catcher.

HUSTLER: About his being crazy, didn't you admit in print that he would often do peculiar things in public?

STARR: After they had him locked up he said, "They all think I'm crazy. I know they're watching every move I make to see what I'll do." In a very exclusive restaurant like Antonio's, he'd take his false teeth out. He'd order a glass of water and put his teeth in it while we ate. Another time he asked for a paper bag and put it over his head, cutting holes out for his eyes and nose. Since everybody was seeing him as crazy anyway, he wanted to give them something real to talk about.

HUSTLER: He still wanted to be in politics though. He had aspirations for running to be senator or a congressman?

STARR: He ran as Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with somebody else and they lost, but not by very many votes. So then, Earl decided to run for Congress. I told him he was crazy. With that he snapped, "Don't you ever say that to me! Too many people have said that." I calmed him down, told him I didn't mean it in the way they did: "I meant crazy for thinking you could win." Sure enough, he ran for Congress and he won. Earl died a couple of days later.

HUSTLER: I guess you were pretty upset — heartbroken?

STARR: Of course I was heartbroken. When he didn't call, I knew something had happened. That night I really was tired. I turned on the radio the next morning, and there it was. . . .

HUSTLER: Do you think his death was accidental or . . . ?

STARR: His death was an accident

because he was physically ill, and the pressure of all the campaigning and knowing that everybody was thinking he was crazy. Shortly before he died, he went and made out a new will. He left me \$50,000. But the will didn't count because he'd already been in the nut-house. Miss Blanche did more to control that state and get more people in high-placed jobs than he did. Well anyway, he died, and I got a lawyer to try and get me what was coming to me. They just laughed. So that was that. I went to the funeral. I didn't get anything!

HUSTLER: I understand that one night, while working the Sho-Bar, the Kennedy's — both Jackie and John — came in to see you perform.

STARR: It was January of 1960. I had just stepped out in front of the spotlights, when I marched David Brinkley and Sam Rayburn, with John and Jackie Kennedy. They went right upstairs to a reserved table and sat down next to Earl. I knew in my heart this handsome young man was going to be our next President. After I got finished on stage, Earl introduced me to everyone, and John shook my hand and said, "You did a fine show, Miss Starr — very good." I was so scared, I couldn't speak. Earl scolded me, jokingly, and said I'd better treat this fellow real nice, as he was going to be in the White House soon. I sat at their table while they watched the next performance. Then Jackie got up in a huff and a puff — didn't say anything — and left. Two aides followed her down the stairs. I leaned over the balcony rail and watched as they all rushed out of the club. Kennedy said his goodnights real quick-like, and hustled off in the dark after her. You couldn't hear what they had been saying. I don't know if they had an argument, or she just wanted to leave.

HUSTLER: Was that the only time you saw them?

STARR: The only time.

HUSTLER: I suppose I can take it for granted that you get lots of offers for dates from the guys who come to your club?

STARR: Yes, but I'll be honest with you, I'm a one-man woman. I like one guy at a time. If I catch him cheating on me, I realize that he didn't love me in the first place; that he wants to flash me around because I'm Blaze Starr, or he wants to see what he can get out of me. So I literally beat the hell out of

him and it's over. Sometimes I get a few licks back in the process.

HUSTLER: Have you ever met any guys who wanted, you know, to do weird things?

STARR: I want you to understand I was never a hooker. But in my line of work you meet a lot of fellows, and some of them carry around big money which they aren't afraid to spend on a girl they like. I'm not ashamed to say I've dated a fair share of wealthy gentlemen, several of whom have purchased beautiful gifts for me. Recently I ran into a guy in Baltimore who owns a department store there — one of the largest. He was a close friend 15 years ago, but now he acted like he hardly knew me. Well, let me tell you — he must have bought me, I can safely say, 15 pairs of beautiful spike-heeled shoes. He wanted me to place tacks in the heels and then walk around on his naked body. At first I just laughed, and then one day he said, "Blaze, if you knew what a kick I got out of this, you'd get a thrill out of it, too." Anyway, I got a good \$200 worth of shoes before he realized I wasn't going to put them to the use he had intended them for.

HUSTLER: What are your feelings in general on the more liberated attitudes toward today's sex?

STARR: Well, I'm old fashioned in a lot of ways. Like I say, I get one guy, and would never take off my clothes and walk around in front of him. It's just how I am. And I'd tell somebody this and they would laugh. I get naked in the dark, maybe with a beautiful red candle going in the corner, but not to get up and walk around in front of him. With a lot of people today, their thing is having a party and it's not a hip gathering unless you show dirty movies. So I don't go to parties in Baltimore much, though I get invited to loads of them. I went to this one affair and everybody was having a grand ol' time, and it was all filled with high-class people. They had one room all set up and had these colored films going. You could tell they had been taken very recently. They had exploits like Ring around the Rosy, Horse and Girl, two dogs fighting over a girl, and supposedly one dog won the girl. These were made quite professionally. I wound up in a corner watching, especially these people . . . they were going out of their minds watching it. I'm not going to be a party pooper, so

when I left, I told the host what a great party it had been.

HUSTLER: Have you seen *Deep Throat* or *Devil in Miss Jones*?

STARR: No, I haven't. I'll tell you one thing — I made an "art" film once, and that was the cause of my divorce. I got paid \$10,000. It took nearly three months to make, so I lost on the deal — bad weather in Miami at the time. We did it at a nudist camp and called it *BLAZE STARR GOES NUDE*. It was in my contract that there were to be no shots showing hair. The plot stunk — it was lousy — and I wasn't told until later that it wasn't done with live sound. They had a girl with a voice like Marilyn Monroe. This was more than ten years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if they brought it out again.

HUSTLER: You've had boyfriends who have been all the way up in the government. Did you date Spiro Agnew?

STARR: Spiro used to come into the 2 O'Clock Club, once a week. He always sat in the exact same corner. To this day we call it Agnew's booth. I'd love to put up an engraved plaque in his honor, but I don't dare.

HUSTLER: What do you think of woman's liberation? Is it demasculinizing men?

STARR: Well, I've always been liberated, ever since I beat my sister's

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husband half to death for hitting her. At the time, I said no man is ever going to lay a hand on me or order me around, or mistreat me, or yell at me, or belittle me. And nobody is going to make me sit home and play the dutiful housewife.

HUSTLER: Would you ever give up your career for a man?

STARR: If I met a man who could support me I'd give it up, because I have myself financially set on the side —



"I can't sing or dance."

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



which I would never let him know about.

HUSTLER: Do you still perform regularly at your own club?

STARR: Yes, sir. I do three shows a night. And believe you me, that place is a madhouse.

HUSTLER: Has business picked up recently? I know in your biography, as told to Huey Perry, you mention that a flood nearly wiped you out for a long while.

STARR: Well, the block has really changed in the last year. It had changed previous to that for the bad. Not that I have anything against homosexuals, but you know they were looking better than my girls, and that hurt. And the clubs were just overloaded with odd — bad — types. People were getting robbed and murdered. It was unbelievable.

HUSTLER: What happened to help change this situation?

STARR: I knew better than to open my mouth, so I just closed the club. Finally, after I shut my doors, seven months later the vice squad was sent in from Washington and they really cleaned that town up. Now it's safe to walk down the streets.

HUSTLER: Did the Feds hassle the club-owners at all?

THE PHILOSOPHER

Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

Andre Maurois

STARR: *Hassle them!* They stationed people in them for weeks. You know, they stationed undercover people in the joints to really see what was going on. Most of the clubs were cut up and had those famous back rooms. The Feds didn't bother with the girls or the guys. They just wanted to crack down on organized crime.

HUSTLER: Had they gained control of the city's clubs?

STARR: Well, for a while I'm sure they did. But then they had an organized crime war. I didn't ask questions. I just listened and did my thing, and they all treated me like a lady.

HUSTLER: Did they ever try to get you to sell out?

STARR: At one point, they tried to force me to sell my business. This new boss, Bernie Brown, had just come in from Philadelphia and was buying up everything on the strip. My place is the biggest in town. Being down in the basement, you could easily install a buzzer system to let people know when the cops were waiting at the top of the stairs, planning a raid. I informed Bernie right there that I wasn't scared and that I had no intentions of being bought out — I don't like to be pressured. I figured he would be real mad, but the wind-up was that he said, "Blaze, we need you to draw the suckers onto the block anyway, so we won't bother you anymore. But when they come out of your joint, we'll lure them into ours."

About a year ago Sammy Goldstein, the owner of a neighboring establishment, was murdered in true gangland fashion. They found him dead with his brains blown out. Apparently there had been a rival underworld war in progress over gambling junkets, and the opposition had sent a "hit man" in from the coast to rub Sammy out. According to widely published accounts, Bernie Brown was indicted for the slaying. But before he could be brought before the grand jury, he went home one night and took an overdose of sleeping pills. So now the two heads of everything are gone and the clubs are, in general, owned by a whole new, much younger, crowd.

HUSTLER: Were watered-down drinks being served in a lot of establishments?

STARR: That was definitely proven. They have one guy who's called "the little old wine-maker." His job is to mix all the champagne with 7-Up.

After he's done this, he puts the cork back on — they even have "corkers" to do this — and nobody knows the difference. It looks one hundred per cent legit. Several of the owners got time, plus heavy fines. The turnover is so large that you buy Cutty Sark or J & B and it runs \$6 a bottle. Well, now you can buy "bar liquor" and it's \$3 a bottle. So your turnover, say, on your liquor bill is \$10,000 a year and by the end of the year, by using the cheap liquor and changing it in the bottle, you save \$5,000 on your expenses.

HUSTLER: Have there been occasions when a girl who works for you might hustle a customer on the side?

STARR: I have four house girls, regulars. They work at my club steady and live in town. In addition, since I like to keep the show moving, I have four outside gals who I get through a theatrical agency. It's a good idea to have new faces. Now I suppose some of these girls go out with the customers. I've always told them — made it a policy: If you do it for money, I don't want to know. This way no one will ever call me Madame. Frequently I will see the same gentlemen coming through the front door, so I figure they must have had a nice time at breakfast.

HUSTLER: I understand that a lot of your clientele is made up of couples. Doesn't this appear peculiar to you? It would seem that a sizeable percentage of your customers would be single men.

STARR: A lot of the single men go to the other establishments where the girls take off every stitch, where they can maneuver in and out of the back room and get whatever they want. Mine is a theatrical place and I take good pride in putting on a theatrical show. Men know if they take their wives or girl friends to see my show they won't be embarrassed. Some people would never think of traveling to Baltimore without stopping in to the club and saying hello.

HUSTLER: Finally, what do you consider your greatest achievement in life?

STARR: That I have been able to stay straight. In my profession you can go downhill in a hurry. You can get destroyed real quick in the night club business. Alcohol, dope addicts, prostitutes — the temptation is always there.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

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national monument in the U.S. From the top, you get a dazzling panoramic view of what's in store. A quick jaunt to the **Anheuser-Busch Brewery** for a tour would be a relaxing encore and the **Keil Auditorium** always has top-name performers booked. Various museums, theatres, and tours can fill many days and evenings with fun and culture. A pair of prize-winning restaurants are set to cater to your appetite for food and entertainment. **The Tenderloin Room** specializes in beef while **Tony's** is essentially Italian but has excursions to the French influence. The **Sports Hall of Fame** takes you through a century of baseball, basketball, football and hockey with St. Louis teams. The **Cardinals** have World Series movies shown and a new exhibit displays history of the old **St. Louis Browns**. The **St. Louis Blues** skate in NHL activity at the Arena against: Montreal, January 2nd; California, the 5th and 30th; Minnesota, the 15th; New York Rangers, the 17th; Detroit, the 19th; Boston, the 22nd; and Toronto, the 26th.

NEVADA

Las Vegas: If this city of lights has an "off" season, it lasts all of about two weeks during December. In January, everything is again wide open and you can find nearly anything for your pleasure. A lineup of stars on display, besides those just visiting, includes



Don Rickles, Shirley MacLaine, Totie Fields and **Roy Clark** among others. Because of the start of a new year, many places were not booked at this writing, like **Caesars Palace** and

the **Thunderbird**, but all promise to be competitive with the others. **Bobbie Gentry** will serve as top-name on the bill at **Desert Inn** through January 20th. At **Circus-Circus**, the main arena is still slated to be filled with the **World's Premier Circus Acts**. The "bad man" of comedy, **Don Rickles**, will be teamed with the **Mills Brothers** at the **Riviera** until the 8th and an as-yet unnamed feature will fill out the month. Packing them in at the **Sands** on into



February is **Wayne Newton** with **Dave Barry** and **The Jive Sisters** while the **Bob Simms Trio** heads up the **Lounge** activity. **Shirley MacLaine**, off the political circle and back to her first love—entertainment—has the **MGM Grand Celebrity Room** booked up through the 21st. In the **MGM's Ziegfeld Room**, an adults only show "**Hallelujah Hollywood**" maintains its popularity. **Roy Clark**, who can do it all musically, is the feature at the **Frontier** from the 2nd to the 22nd and **Ann-Margret** puts fire into the **Las Vegas Hilton** until the 9th. The **Sahara** puts on a hefty comedy show in **Totie Fields** through the 16th. A pair of Folies Bergere-type troops are starring at the **Dunes (Casino de Paris '75)** and **Stardust (Le Lido de Paris)**. Lounge offerings at the two are a **Mermaid Harpist** and **Bare Touch of Vegas** respectively. During the month at **Golden Nugget** will be the **Vagabonds**. The **Mint**, **Holiday Casino**, **Tropicana**, **Aladdin**, **Four Queens**, **Showboat**, **Freemont**, and **Silver Slipper** all provide adults only performances. At the **Union Plaza**, continuous Broadway productions are the thing. And finally,

Lovelace Watkins and **Charlie Callas** draw crowds at the **Flamingo**.

NEW YORK

Buffalo: One of the most complete entertainment centers in the U. S. is located right on the Niagara River, mid-way between the Falls and downtown Buffalo. An original riverboat, running on the Mississippi until 1960, the **Showboat** is permanently moored and houses three main cocktail lounges, two dinner shows and a formal dining room. The **Engine Room Bar**, the **Silver Dollar Lounge** and the **Bourbon Street Bar** all provide great entertainment nightly. The **Silver Dollar Dining Room** is beautifully decorated in an old Victorian decor, so commonly used in the real days of the show boat. The menu provides everything from sliced beef tenderloin, live lobster and fresh oysters and clams to fowl dishes, such as Long Island Duck, all served with a flair. The two dinner theatres present fine major plays for January. Another multi-dining area is the **Plaza Suite** in the **M & T Trust Building**. There are seven dining rooms, each unique in decor and menu. Live entertainment is available on Saturdays. Also don't miss **Great Gatsby**, truly a fine experience in dining. In the National Hockey League the **Buffalo Sabres** host the following January action: Pittsburgh, the 3rd; Vancouver, the 6th and 27th; New York Rangers, the 10th; St. Louis, the 13th; California, the 20th; and Montreal, the 24th. In **NBA**, home dates for the **Buffalo Braves** are: Detroit, the 3rd; Los Angeles, the 7th; Cleveland, the 10th; Boston, the 12th; Golden State, the 17th; Seattle, the 21st; New York, the 24th; and Atlanta, the 31st.

New York: If opera is your bag then you should be at the **Metropolitan Opera** on January 11th. The matinee will be **Madame Butterfly**, but don't go far afterwards because the evening performance will be **Don Giovanni**. The **New York Philharmonic** has been tuning up and will present **Pierre Boulez** as guest conductor on January 2nd and again on the 16th. If

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legitimate theatre is what you're after there's always Broadway and we advise you consult the local papers for listings. As of now we suggest seeing "Good Evening" starring **Peter Cook** and **Dudley Moore** at the **Plymouth Theatre**. For other forms of entertainment try the **Ice Capades** at the **Felt Forum**, **Madison Square Garden** starting the 7th thru the 19th. For good rock and folk clubs stop in at **The Bottom Line** or **The Bitter End**. How about a nice massage? There are numerous establishments in New York for this purpose and one of the best is **Caesar's Retreat**. It is decorated in the theme of a Roman bath house complete with sauna, showers, nine different rooms with sunken whirlpool baths, free refreshments in the lounge and great looking girls dressed in togas. Prices start at \$20 and rise when you do. Another good place is the **Murray Hill Health Studio**. This is a very attractive spa situated in four floors of a brownstone with five private, carpeted rooms complete with mirrors, sauna, showers and free drinks in the reception room. Your hostesses are very pleasant, very attractive interracial girls. Sessions start at \$25. For a variation of this same theme you might want to stop in at **The Cathouse**, a well kept and comfortable modeling studio where you have your choice of models and a private room for sketching, photography and body rubs. Sessions start at \$20 and a substantial tip is expected for any thing extra. There are also quite a few topless bars to please you. The **Anvil Bar** features pretty ladies in pasties and G-strings who dance on the bar and get very, very close to you. **Robbie's Mardi Gras** has extremely attractive young ladies who dance inside a circular bar, but don't get as close. If all this makes you hungry, try **Torremolinos** for authentic Spanish food or if you're a meat and potatoes man there's **Steak and Brew**. If you like top quality entertainment with your meal there's **Dangerfield's**. You might even see **Rodney** there. It's his club. The **New York Knicks**, rebuilding a short-lived, once-powerful dynasty, light up

the Garden as follows: Phoenix, the 2nd; Cleveland, the 4th; Chicago, the 21st; Kansas City-Omaha, the 25th; and Atlanta, the 28th. In **NHL** action, the two New York entries shuttle home dates with the **Rangers** hosting: Boston, the 4th; Atlanta, the 6th and 23rd; and Los Angeles, the 27th. For the **Islanders**: Vancouver, the 3rd; Boston, the 5th and 26th; Los Angeles, the 8th; Atlanta, the 15th; Buffalo, the 19th; and California, the 22nd. In **WHA** skating, the **Golden Blades** host: Toronto, the 2nd; Houston, the 5th; Vancouver, the 7th; Los Angeles, the 27th; and New England, the 31st.

OHIO

Akron: The Rubber City and adjoining Cuyahoga Falls are replete with night clubs and only slightly less so with prime eating spots. Some take care of both at the same time. Beautifully inviting women are the main course at the **Hustler Club**, 21 South Main Street. Also stop by **Jean & Ann's Lounge** and the renown **Salem's Lounge**. To savor one of the finest steaks ever, a short trip to nearby Norton and the **Red Pepper Steak House & Lounge** is more than worthwhile. This restaurant has gained a national reputation under the deft and sometimes zany efforts of owner Louis Juhasz. **Anthe's** has long been a favorite for evening diners as have **Tangiers** and **Phil Palumbo's Supper Club**. Another greater Akron area spot to mark on your schedule is the **Carousel Dinner Theatre** in Ravenna which provides its nightly (except Monday) shows in view of your table. January's slate had not been set at this writing. Back to Akron for an evening of music, the **Edwin J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall** has lined up its dates with the **Hungarian Folk Ballet** on the 12th, **Stan Kenton** comes in on the 25th and the **Elliot Feld Ballet** takes over on the 31st. Akron is also within easy distance of the **Coliseum** which provides a home for the **Cleveland Cavaliers** and **Crusaders** (see Cleveland for dates) and a variety of special events.

Cincinnati: No matter how slow the Ohio River sludges past, Cincinnati

continues forward at a steady swinging pace befitting the Queen City. And if queens aren't your thing, there are a number of places fit for kings including our own **Hustler Club** at 608 Walnut Street. While the resident Honeys aren't out to make you abdicate a throne, they'll certainly help lengthen a vacation or shorten a business trip. Night life in Cincinnati can begin almost anywhere with dinner at award-winning "heavies" like the **Gourmet Restaurant** or **Maisonette**. Both feature a French cuisine although you can get an added touch of Scandinavia at the former via Chef Hans Tandrup of Copenhagen. As with all large cities, Cincinnati offers too many fine eating spots to list, so you have to pick around the likes of **La Rosa's**, **Lenhardt's**, **Dimitry's** and the **Central Oyster House**. For top-flight entertainment, **Beef 'n' Boards** heads up the Ohio side of the River while **Beverly Hills** dominates the Southern shore. On the stage at **Boards** will be "Pools Paradise," a comedy, through January 5th and "Bell, Book and Candle" slated January 8th through February 9th. At **Beverly Hills**, the schedule is not yet set, but top entertainers are commonplace on stage. For a swinging after-dinner treat that won't let you down, Newport, Kentucky has a variety of night clubs: the **Mouse Trap**, **Pink Pussycat**, the **Della Street Lounge**, the **Brass Ass** and others. After a long night, you might want to get it out of your system quicker than normal with a visit to **Jeanne's** or **Steve's** health salons for a luxurious massage administered by the soothing hands of an attractive femme.

Cleveland: While the windy Southern shore of Lake Erie is not one of the top 10 places you'd most want to spend all or part of a freezing January, the city has some fine entertainment. A traveler could easily get fat at the many fine restaurants and wear it off immediately trying to keep up with the social swirl of night clubs and sophisticated events. For the adult male, the **Hustler Club** on Short Vincent Street at East 9th can get

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you warmed up fast along with similar establishments as **Mickey Finn's** and **Saints and Sinners**. **Maisello's Supper Club** combines dining and dancing as do the **Brown Derby Luv Pubs** and the **Cleveland Plaza**. Prime steak and freshly imported Boston lobsters set off **The Blue Grass**, a lively place where you're liable to run into transient celebrities. An exotic evening is available at **Grecian Gardens** where oriental dancers spice the fare and the ever-popular **Kon-Tiki** at the **Sheraton-Cleveland**. The **Front Row**, **Metropolitan Opera**, and **Musicalcarnival** make it possible to add culture to the evening. For sports enthusiasts, the greater Cleveland area is one of the best between oceans. The newly constructed **Coliseum**, a controversial brainchild of sports entrepreneur Nick Mileti, rests snugly between Akron and Cleveland in West Richfield. It houses Mileti's entries to the **NBA (Cavaliers)** and **WHA (Crusaders)**. Between sports events, the Coliseum provides top entertainment such as its late '74 premiere of **Frank Sinatra**. The **Cavs** are at home during January with: Houston, the 3rd; Phoenix, the 5th; Milwaukee, the 11th; Portland, the 16; Washington, the 21st; New York, the 23rd; Seattle, the 26th; and Buffalo, the 30th. The ice will be smooth for the **Crusaders'** duels with: New England, the 5th; Vancouver, the 6th; Los Angeles, the 12th; Minnesota, the 13th; and Houston, the 30th.

Columbus: The Buckeye State capital, although a bit off center geographically speaking, is right on the mark when it comes to entertainment, fine dining, sightseeing and cultural surroundings. To begin your stay in the city, we suggest that you pay a visit to one of several massage parlors: **The Caesars**, the **Sauna Club** or the more graphic **Hand Rubdown**. All offer to relax a body and advertise attractive female attendants. If you make it past the soothing massage, you should be ready for a large meal since the rubdowns often take a lot out of you. At the **Aegean** and **16 East**, you can get your fill of European

flavor and wait around for authentic belly dancing performances. For the best, **Scheherazade** is on hand at the **Aegean**. A stage performance of "**Never Too Late**" with an all-Black cast accompanies dinner at the **Columbus-Springfield Dinner Theatre** from January 7th to February 9th. The **Fontanelle Restaurant** is one of many prime steak locations while the **Japanese Steak House** adds a geishan flair. The **Black Rose** at the **Imperial House North** bids for attention with dancing and entertainment. At **Mershon Auditorium** on the Ohio State University campus, January selections include, on the 30th, the **Israel Chamber Orchestra** and, on the 31st, the world-famous **Carlos Montoya**, with his classic flamenco guitar music and troop. While Montoya will start the blood pounding on one evening, the **Hustler Club** and **Whatever's Right Lounge** at 38 W. Gay each have a bevy of beautiful gals ready to do the same every night. Some of the area's other leading night clubs are the **Horseshoe Lounge**, **Boo-B-Trap**, and **Sadie's Stage Door** in the **Sheraton-Columbus Hotel**. If sports is your bag, you're in the right town for college basketball at its finest. The **Buckeyes** have four home games slated for St. John Arena during January; Minnesota, the 11th; Iowa, the 13th; Illinois, the 25th; and Purdue, the 27th. And, at press time, it seemed very likely that **Ohio State** footballers would be traveling to Pasadena on January 1st for a third straight **Rose Bowl** joust.

Dayton: Home of the Wright Brothers, the Gem City has become the world mecca for those interested in aeronautical research and experimental work. At nearby **Wright-Patterson AFB**, the nerve center of the Air Force research and procurement, the nation's air strength is being developed. Everybody knows that even servicemen and airplane buffs have to eat and have a good time, so here are some of the outstanding offerings. After stiff-necking the local sights, the **National Health Spa** can take out most of the kinks with its "muscle relaxing equipment" among which is featured

curvaceous equipment standing at about 5'5". Body rubs are also available at **Fingerfun** which adds body painting and nude photography to its menu. Night club biggies begin with **Whatever's Right** and **Daddie's Money** downtown boasting a delicious assortment of hostesses. The **Swingers Lounge** and **Way Out Lounge** are of the same kind. Super dining? You can get it, along with entertainment, at **Annarino's**, the **Imperial House South**, and **The Tropics**.

Toledo: If you hit Toledo alone and don't want to stay that way, phone **Executive Art and Escort**. The business, as it sounds, majors in escorts, models and massages — in that order. And then it's on to the town in fine style with appetites to be satiated at the likes of the **Driftwood**, the quiet and friendly **Wayward Inn**, **The Brittany**, and **Captain Bill's Swashbuckler**. All throw in live shows to fill a pleasant evening. **Roman Gardens** presents a true classic Roman atmosphere with European cuisine and **Top of the Tower** is known for its food, panoramic view and extra large cocktails. At some of the city's night spots, an escort is superfluous since hot clubs like the **Hustler Club** at 812 Jefferson, feature many beautiful hostesses along with the stimulating drinks. And **Brenda's Body Shop** has nothing to do with fixing cars. **The Zorba Supper Club** is about the only place to go for authentic belly dancing with its **Bousouki Revue**. A little more sophistication is available with the **Toledo Symphony** and at the **Masonic Auditorium** which regularly ships in name stars.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh-Erie: The corridor between these cities is a super Interstate 79 and makes inter-city travel feasible in the fringe areas of the Appalachian Mountains. One of the finest supper clubs where top entertainment, delicious food and lovely decor blend to make a most relaxing evening is the **Holiday House** in Pittsburgh. Be sure to check it out when passing through. **Johnny Garneau's Golden**

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Spike features steak and **Klein's Restaurant** boasts the finest in seafood. Should you get hungry on the trip to Erie, Meadville is a logical break in the action. The **David Mead Inn** is a delightful country spot with an American menu and the **Bar Bella Restaurant & Lounge** adds weekend entertainment to its European cast. In Erie, **Damone's Restaurant** and **The Colony Inn** combine atmosphere and fine food. The **Pittsburgh Penguins** host **NHL** ice hockey action during January: Buffalo, the 5th and 12th; Toronto, the 9th; Boston, the 13th; Los Angeles, the 16th and 26th; St. Louis, the 23rd; and New York Rangers, the 30th.

Philadelphia: America's heritage city is now known, too, as America's renaissance city because of its remarkable mid-city redevelopment. Its "**Night Life Special**" began operation in December. It is the first public bus route of its kind in the nation and will service major center-city entertainment attractions. For one 50-cent fare on Fridays and Saturdays, riders are transported to any one of hundreds of restaurants where they can get off, dine and catch other "loop" buses for a pleasurable evening at the theater, movies, concerts or fast-moving discotheques. It also stops at all the major hotels. At **Le Bec Fin**, one dines in an atmosphere of elegance among tapestries, mirrors, fresh roses, and crystal. The prix fixé for dinner is \$18. **La Panetière**, which occupies a stately old Philadelphia home furnished in Louis XIV and Chippendale decor, features a delightful French menu. For January basketball activity, the **76ers** battle at home against **NBA** rivals: Buffalo, the 6th; Los Angeles, the 8th; KC-Omaha, the 10th; Washington, the 17th; Cleveland, the 18th; New York, the 29th; and Milwaukee, the 31st. **Philadelphia's Flyers** skate on home ice with: New York Rangers, the 3rd; Minnesota, the 10th; Atlanta, the 13th; Buffalo, the 17th and 31st; and Los Angeles, the 19th.

TEXAS

Dallas: Dallas is a city of lofty skyscrapers, cosmopolitan shops, theaters, and restaurants. One of the

skyscrapers is the **Southland Life Tower**. If you take its elevator to the 37th floor, you will discover the mahogany-planked Ship's Deck entrance to the **Ports O' Call Restaurant**; actually four distinctly different restaurants in one, all featuring exotic Polynesian and Oriental delicacies prepared by Chef Isaac Penin. There is cocktail music and dancing nightly. Next door is the new **Sheraton-Dallas Hotel** in the Southland Center. It boasts of two restaurants with a western flair well-fitted to Texas, **The Stampede Room** and **The Watering Hole**. The **Royal Tokyo** tempts the lover of Oriental food with twenty-five authentic Japanese dinners prepared in an atmosphere true to the elegance of old Japan. At **Il Sorrento** one can dine on fresh pasta, Veal Scallopini Ala Sorrento, homemade fettuccine, ravioli, lasagne, cannelloni or manicotti to the delightful music of strolling musicians. They also feature a full line of beef, veal, seafood, and chicken dishes and a cocktail lounge. If you are a connoisseur of fine wines, **Arthur's** is the place for you. It has a fantastic selection of American wines as well as any kind of beefsteak, many chicken dishes, and its specialty, Imperial Silver King Squab. The **Windmill Dinner Theater**, in suburban Dallas, regularly features hearty food, light comedy, and well-known players.

Houston: For quality entertainment some of your best bets are the hotels. The **Hyatt Regency Hotel**, for example, will be presenting **Johnny Desmond** from January 6th thru the 18th and following him **Eileen Fulton** will grace the stage from the 20th until the end of the month. Dinner at the **Hyatt Regency** is also worthwhile. The **Sheraton Inn, Town and Country** is not to be outdone in either entertainment or cuisine. Their **Penthouse West** draws top performers and their

kitchen draws praise. Also include the **Shamrock Hilton**, which has various eating rooms and cocktail lounges along with entertainment. We suggest you check the newspaper for scheduled appearances. Other spots that offer night life are the smaller clubs. Among them are the **Outrigger**, **Linda's** and the **Copa**. Nice places to find new friends. For the **NBA Houston Rockets**, Washington will provide opposition on the 9th followed by: Seattle, the 16th; Portland, the 17th; Boston, the 21st; Milwaukee, the 24th; Los Angeles, the 28th; and Detroit, the 30th. In **WHA** home sessions, the **Aeros** battle: Winnipeg, the 6th; Edmonton, the 8th; Quebec, the 12th and 24th; Toronto, the 16th; Vancouver, the 17th; and Los Angeles, the 19th and 22nd.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee: Beer and German food are better here than anywhere else. And both abound everywhere. After a chilly stroll down Wisconsin Avenue, stop in at **Karl Ratzsch's** for a delightful and authentic hot German dish. You'll enjoy everything from the atmosphere to the service — always the best. **Mader's** is a bit removed from the city but still easy to get to. Here again you can be sure to be treated like a king or queen. As for top-name entertainment, the **Crown Room** overlooking frozen Lake Michigan, high atop the **Pfister Hotel**, is one of the best places in town. The **Centre Stage Dinner Playhouse** is a fine spot for live theatre and a tasty meal. For a little dancing, stop downstairs at the **English Room** or drop by the **Barn** or the **Kennedy Cottage Discotheque**. For a little classical entertainment catch a performance at the Milwaukee **Repetoire Theatre** or at the **Performing Arts Center**. You also might stop in at the **Milwaukee Museum of History** and see a completely reconstructed 19th century Milwaukee Street. It's one of many interesting displays you'll find there. In **NBA** games at home, the **Milwaukee Bucks** take on: Atlanta, January 2nd; Houston, the 4th; Chicago, the 5th; Detroit, the 10th; Philadelphia, the 12th; Golden State, the 16th; and Portland, the 19th.

THE PHILOSOPHER

EFFICIENCY

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How to prepare a woman for unbridled love! (For example, on page 234 you will find a new method of kissing that may actually send her into spasms of ecstasy before you lay a finger on her body! And wait till you read the pages after that!)

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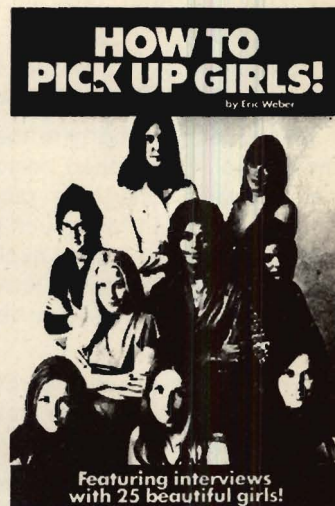
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Shrapnel Pass

continued from page 78

Shorty snickered. "You mean you're limping away."

"Skip the wisecracks, Jones," Harverson snapped back. "Follow me."

Harverson led Shorty to the battery motor pool. He stopped beside a disabled jeep. "Betsy here gave me a fair ride. My last trip through the pass was a nightmare. A shell exploded 20 feet in front of me. I was lucky to get out with a leg wound. They had to tow the jeep back."

A newer jeep parked nearby caught Shorty's attention. "I'll bet that buggy runs real sweet."

"Forget it," Harverson snarled. "That's Sergeant Oblinski's private buggy. Sergeant Fox at battalion motor pool fought hard to keep that jeep for himself, but Oblinski won out. Oblinski has more service time than Fox has fingers and toes. He's won a chest full

of medals besides. He's one of the privileged few in this man's Corps. Oblinski may not look the type, but he does pretty well with the American nurses in Seoul. On top of all those distinguished credits he used to do a little stock car racing in the states before he joined up and found a home with this outfit."

"Does he have a little black phone book?" Shorty inquired.

Harverson laughed. "Little? His black phone book is thicker than the Cleveland yellow pages. He does swell for a guy his age."

"What do I use for the mail run?" Shorty asked.

"We're due for another jeep in a day or two, probably a rebuilt job with no guts like Betsy had. In the meantime Oblinski takes the run with his prize buggy. It gives him a chance to get to Seoul for a few hours of you know what."

The next day was Sunday, a no-detail day. Shorty asked Sergeant Oblinski for permission to go back to battalion headquarters.



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HUSTLER

"Don't bother me, Jones," the Sergeant replied harshly. "Get lost."

Shorty took his curt *get lost* as meaning permission granted. He hitched a ride on the garbage truck that was headed toward battalion headquarters. Once there, he looked up Sergeant Fox.

"I'd like to renovate that old Arnolt-Bristol buried under the junk heap," Shorty told the Sergeant. "How did a classic car like that end up here of all places?"

"An English businessman who operated a manufacturing plant owned it. He tried to outrun the fast-advancing North Korean Army when they invaded South Korea, but as you can see he didn't make it. The top of the car is blown off. No telling what shape the motor's in. You're crazy to attempt a job like that. It can't be done."

"Exactly what Sergeant Oblinski told me."

Sergeant Fox spit on the ground inches from Shorty's shined boots. "You mean that old probate from the Nicaraguan campaign wants to race that thing?"

"That's what he has in mind." Shorty knew he had the Sergeant hooked.

"Okay," he said with a sinister smile. "I'll have some of my men pull the car out. If you can get that thing running, maybe Oblinski will kill himself trying to race it. And I'll get the jeep I've been fighting for."

The car was removed from under the junk pile. Shorty opened the hood and saw that the engine was still in fair shape. Patience and hard work would restore the car to full operating capacity.

"Looks hopeless to me," Sergeant Fox commented over Shorty's shoulder.

"Not if you look closely, Sergeant. The cylinder block is chrome and fitted with high nickel content alloy steel dry liners. Give me ten long hours."

Sergeant Fox, in a desperate anxiety to help Shorty in every way at his command, provided a large assortment of tools necessary to complete the major overhaul. He even ordered two potbelly stoves placed near Shorty in an effort to keep his hands from freezing. Shorty labored over the engine for the next seven hours with-

continued on page 113

THE PHILOSOPHER

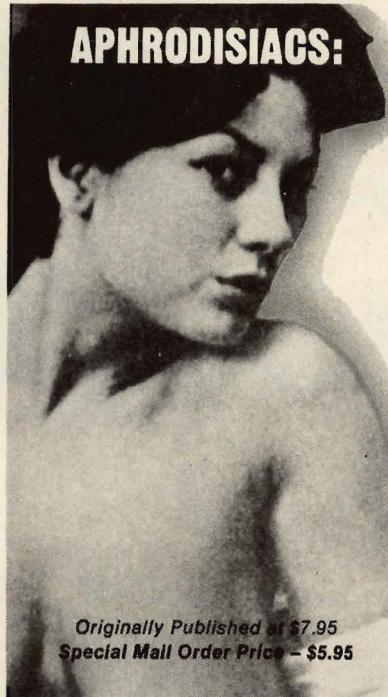
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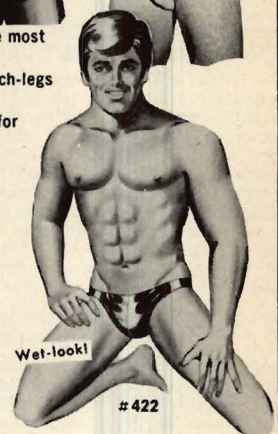
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WE NEED YOUR HELP

The producers of these art forms simply do not have a staff large enough to find all the talent they require. That's why they come to Universal Talent Research Inc. Our business is finding new talent to fill their virtually unlimited needs. But because even our own staff of Talent Scouts is limited we are compelled to seek the help of people outside of the modeling and show business world.

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HOW TO APPROACH WOMEN TO PHOTOGRAPH THEM

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MONEY MAKING TALENT SCOUT OUTFIT

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2. PROFESSIONAL MODEL RELEASES

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3. TALENT SCOUT IDENTIFICATION CARD

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HOW TO BECOME A REGISTERED TALENT SCOUT

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wanted to be. Enjoy yourself as much as you wish but think of us too, because we are primarily looking for new faces and voluptuous bodies to help our publishers and producers. So, if you are seriously interested in making money and getting your share of the beautiful women in this world and at the same time help us find new and beautiful talent fill in the coupon below and enclose only 10.00 for your one year's registration fee and complete Talent Scout Outfit! — a small investment for so much fun and money!



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Shrapnel Pass

continued from page 109

out taking a break. At the end of that time he started the engine to the Sergeant's amazement.

"You're a mechanical wizard, Jones," he muttered.

"Not at all," Shorty replied in modesty. "This baby still has most of its original power. This six-cylinder monster develops 130bhr at 5500 rpm. She's fitted with three multiple-jet downdraft Solex carburetors. She'll cruise at 90 as a starter."

Sergeant Fox rubbed his hands together gleefully. "The faster the better, Jones."

Next Shorty went to work on the rusted body. He buffed the rust to the bare metal, then sprayed the car olive green in true Marine Corps tradition.

He finished the project at 10 o'clock that evening under a battery of flood lights provided by Sergeant Fox. The gracious Sergeant then treated Shorty to a hot meal and all the coffee he could drink.

A half-hour later Shorty drove back to his own battery area. He drove slowly into the darkened battery area and parked the car in a deep bomb crater that would hide the car even during daylight hours.

Corporal Harverson was sitting on his bunk when Shorty entered the tent. "Oblinski will have your hide when he sees you in the morning," Harverson said stiffly.

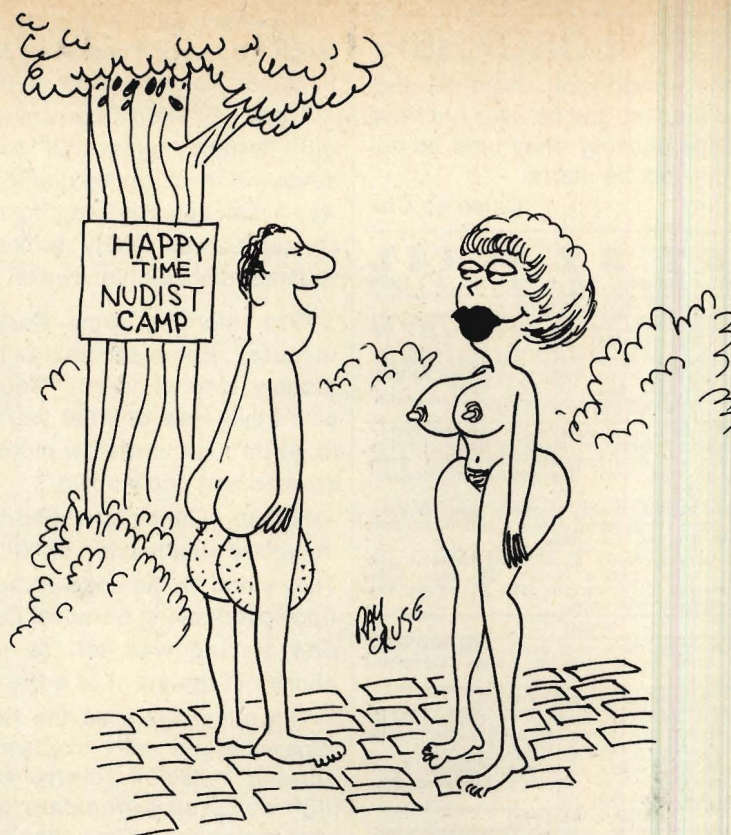
Shorty curled up inside the warmth of his sleeping bag and gave an extra big yawn for Harverson's benefit. "I'll have a chat with the Sergeant in the morning."

"You're too cocky, Jones," Harverson said sarcastically. "By the way, Oblinski will take the morning mail run. That'll give you another day of grace. You better use the time to do some serious praying, because the next day you're going out there under gook artillery fire."

"Oblinski has a date in Seoul, right Harverson?"

"It's none of your damn business. If he wants to take a few hours off for pleasure, that's his business."

"I wonder if his date has a willing girlfriend."



"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

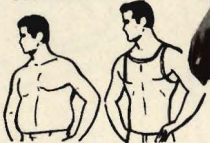
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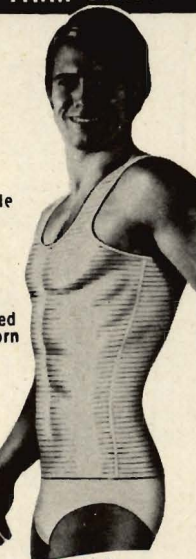
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Harverson gave a grating, mocking laugh. "You won't see Seoul for a long time, pal. You can count on that."

That night Shorty's dream was filled with lissome nurses. Of course he devoured them one by one in the only way a man can. His beautiful dream of conquest was rudely broken when Harverson shook him awake.

"The morning show starts in 15 minutes," Harverson said in his usual gloomy tone of voice. "You'll get a bird's-eye view of what you're going to go through tomorrow morning. Get dressed and chow down."

Fifteen minutes later Shorty joined the entire membership of "B" Battery. They stood on the edge of the highest ridge overlooking Shrapnel Pass. Only one Marine was left to man the phones in the event of a fire mission.

The atmosphere on the ridge was super-charged with excitement and growing tension. Several men had high-powered binoculars dangling from their necks. The scene reminded Shorty of his trip to Indianapolis last year where he'd witnessed the 500-

mile speed race. The same pre-race fever prevailed here as it had in the stands before the cars were given the go flag. In any race, Shorty reasoned, there had to be a winner and a loser. Shorty wondered about Sergeant Oblinski's fate in this race against deadly enemy artillery fire.

"Here comes Oblinski," a Marine shouted.

"Give 'em hell, Ski," another Marine shouted.

All eyes zeroed in on Sergeant Oblinski as he jumped behind the wheel of his jeep. He wore a helmet and a .45 strapped around his waist. He smiled widely and waved to his men on the ridge. A wild cheer of bravado rose high above the windless ridges as the Sergeant set the jeep in rapid motion. Now a deep and stirring silence fell over the men. The only noise heard was the whine of the jeep as it tore recklessly down the first lap of Shrapnel Pass.

The dreaded screech of the first enemy shell was heard. A second, third and fourth shell followed in quick succession. Shorty saw the explosion



"I'd like to borrow \$50.00 for the next hour!"

of fire and dirt and jagged steel pull the earth apart.

"He's hit!" one of the men watching through binoculars shouted. "The jeep turned over. Hold it! Six gooks are coming down on foot after Ski."

"Call a fire mission," a voice boomed over the pall of horror felt by every man.

"You'll kill the Sergeant sure as hell if you call a fire mission," Harverson said. "There's no way to save him."

Shorty simply refused to believe Harverson's prophecy of doom. He turned and raced toward his still undetected Arnolt-Bristol. Within precious seconds he was inside the car and racing toward the pass.

The stunned Marines watched Shorty's unannounced departure. When the shock of seeing the flighty car wore off, the troops burst into howls of cheer.

Shorty, sitting stiff behind the wheel, heard the terrifying *wop-wop-wop-wop-wop* of incoming shells. He jammed his foot to the floor. The peppy car surged ahead . . . 50 . . . 60 . . . 70 mph. The first shell exploded far behind the car. A second and third shell also fell harmlessly behind Shorty and the car.


Sergeant Oblinski was 50 yards ahead, crouched behind the overturned jeep and firing his .45 at advancing enemy soldiers. Shorty gave the horn three blasts. He didn't dare stop, but he did slow down enough to give the Sergeant an opportunity to jump into the back seat. The continued motion of the car left the enemy troops in a cloud of dust.

Sergeant Oblinski, slightly winded, battled his way to the front seat. "I've seen a lot of goofy things during my tour of duty with the Corps, but nothing ever like this. Someday in the near future, Jones, you tell me how you managed to get hold of this car. I don't want to hear about it now because I won't believe it."

"Anything you say . . . Ski. Where to?"

"Straight on into Seoul. First we got to celebrate the fact that we're still alive and breathing. Then we pick up the mall on the run back tonight."

"Booze and broads?" Shorty asked. "Plenty of both. Pfc Jones, you're number one on my personal hero list."

Shorty eased off the gas pedal. This was no time to get stopped for speeding by some inconsiderate MP. 



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Honey

by Jim McQuade

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IN THE CITY'S
POSHEST CAT-
HOUSE. **HONEY**,
THE LOVELY,
YOUNG MADAM
IS ROUSED
FROM HER
REVERIE BY
THE PHONE...



HELLO DARLING—
WHOEVER YOU ARE.
OH. **JUDGE BUGGER!**
AGAIN? WELL, I DON'T.

WHO? **HE'LL**
BE THERE?
I'LL HAVE THE
GIRLS GET READY
NOW. O.K. SEE
YOU TONIGHT.
'BYE.

GIRLS... JUDGE
BUGGER'S THROWING
ANOTHER OF HIS STAG
PARTIES AND WANTS
YOU ALL THERE! **GO!**
DANIELLE AND I WILL
BE ALONG
LATER.



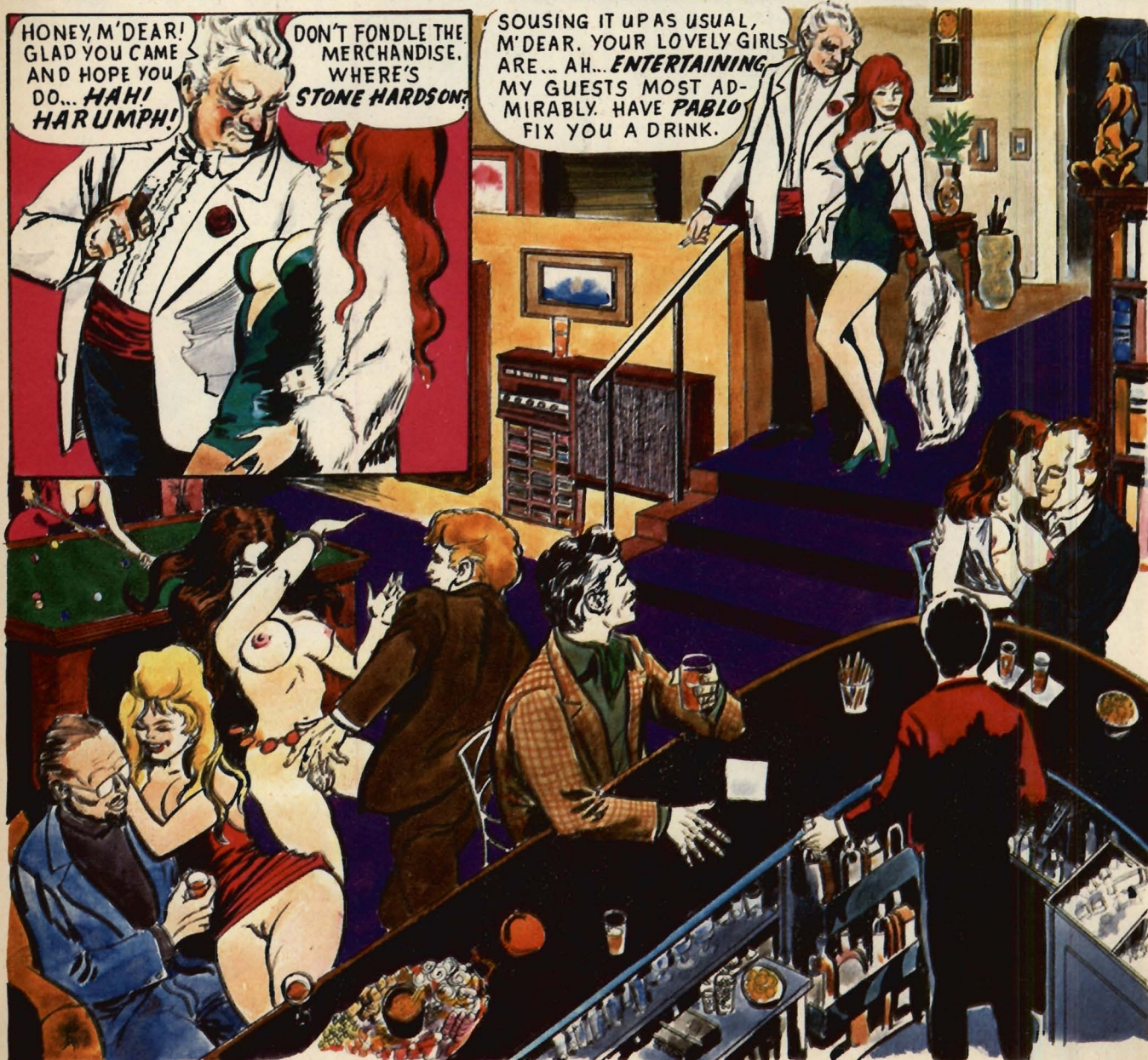
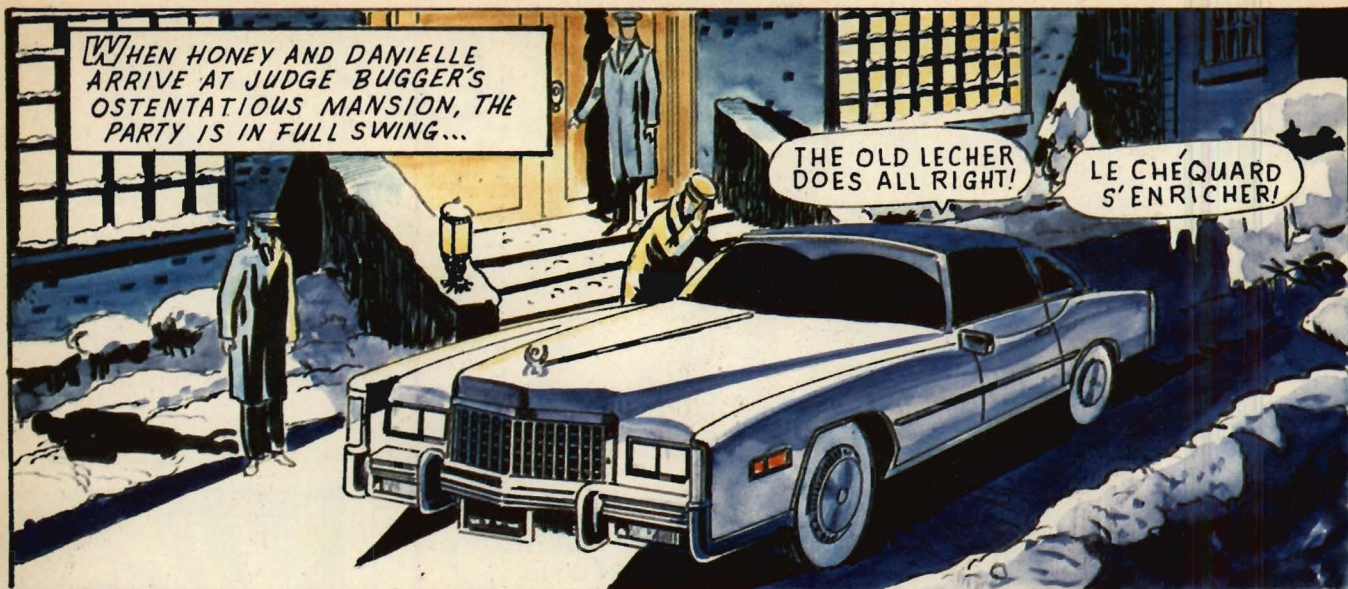
ZERE ARE ZOMET'ING
ETRANGE ICI. YOU NEVAIR
GO TO ZE PARTY OF ZE
JUDGE BEFORE... YOU
NO LIKE...

TONIGHT,
I LIKE! HE HAS
A SPECIAL
GUEST...

FROM
HOLLYWOOD...
STONE HARDSON!
(SIGH)

HE'S SO...
MASCULINE.
I JUST MAY
GET LAID
TONIGHT!







PABLO, THE VIRILE BARTENDER, SOON HAS HONEY IN THE NUDE FOR LOVE. THEIR TONGUES ENTWINE AND PABLO PAYS HOMMAGE TO HONEY'S LUSH BREASTS. THEN, HONEY SITS ON THE EDGE OF A BARSTOOL AND HER LONG, NYLON-SHEATHED LEGS OPEN INVITINGLY...



IT IS NEARLY DAWN BEFORE HONEY COLLECTS DANIELLE AND HEADS FOR HOME—TEMPORARILY SATIATED, BUT EAGER FOR STILL MORE EROTIC ESCAPADES.

YOU KNOW HONEY, ZE RICHE ARE DIFFERENT FROM ZE REST OF US.

YES. THEY HAVE MORE MONEY. BUT I PREFER HANDSOME BARTENDERS.



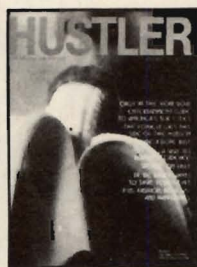
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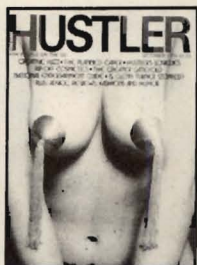
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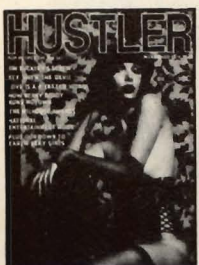
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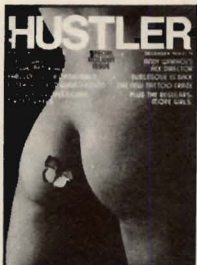
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MARCH PREVIEW

GERALD DAMIANO — An interview with the man who made "Deep Throat" a household word and added a bit of legitimacy to the porno movie business through his other two biggies, "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Memories Within Miss Aggie" — by James Martin.

DICK DROST — Owner and proprietor of Naked City, famed nudist colony in Roselawn, Indiana. This entertaining profile traces Drost from his frugal beginnings to the notorious success he is currently enjoying as host to the annual "Miss Nude America" and "Miss Nude Universe" contests — by John R. Handcock.

"THE SURROGATE" — A young hustler who solves the sexual problems of 28 unhappy and unsatisfied wives in his apartment building, until their husbands find out — by Ellis Bartlet.

"SOME NEW FACES IN THE OLDEST PROFESSION" — Ever wonder what happened to the Flower Children of the '60s and their free love spirit? Well, 'tain't free NO more — by Ross Klavan.

HONEY — Episode No. 3 follows Honey through another erotic experience; this time to a wrong address for fun and frivolity — by Jim McQuade.

HUSTLER PORN REVIEW — A reliable and complete run-down on the hot and not-so-hot x-rated films presently making the circuit.

EROTIC FORUM — Introducing a new reader feature. A fantasy or factual account written strictly by a reader for the reader. The premiere story concerns a couple which married young and soon found straight sex boring. How they conquered the problem makes a very joint-stirring article — by Tom Foster.

PREVIEW

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